This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08247602 3

The Wedding Journey of
Charles and Martha Babcock Amory

I

THE

WEDDING JOURNEY

OF

Charles and Martha Babcock Amory

LETTERS OF MRS. AMORY TO HER MOTHER

MRS. GARDINER GREENE

1833-1834

VOLUME THE FIRST

France and Italy

BOSTON

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1922

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

Note

THE *writer of these letters, Martha Babcock Amory, was the daughter of Gardiner Greene* (1753–1832) *and his third wife, Elizabeth Clarke Copley, daughter of John Singleton Copley, R.A., by his marriage with Susannah Farnum Clarke, whose father was that Richard Clarke to whom the tea destroyed in the famous "Boston Tea Party" was consigned. Mrs. Greene was sister of John, afterwards Baron Lyndhurst, thrice Lord Chancellor of England, who, with his wife, is so often alluded to in Mrs. Amory's earlier letters. Martha Babcock Greene was born in Boston, November* 15, 1812, *and was married on October* 15, 1832, *to Charles Amory,—son of Thomas Coffin and Hannah Rowe* (*Linzee*) *Amory,—for many years a figure in the financial and social life of Boston. Mrs. Amory died in Paris, in January,* 1880. *Mr. Amory, who was born in Boston in* 1808, *survived his wife eighteen years.*

"Copley," whom Mrs. Amory often mentions, was her brother, John Singleton Copley Greene (1810–1872); *and the "Benjamin" and "Margaret" of the letters were, respectively, a half-brother, Benjamin Daniel Greene* (1793–1862)*—distinguished as a botanist, and first president of the Boston Society of Natural History—and his wife, Margaret Morton, daughter of Josiah Quincy.*

Mrs. Amory's first letter was written from Havre, November 1, 1833, *and the correspondence as presented here closes with one sent from Dresden in October*, 1834. *Though the journey was continued, the letters that completed the record of it have not been preserved.*

The letters have been printed practically as Mrs. Amory wrote them, and her spelling, abbreviations, and capitalization have been usually followed; more modern punctuation, more frequent paragraphing, and the addition or correction of a few words or names, being the only changes from the originals. The Table of Contents, which covers most of the chief incidents mentioned in the correspondence, follows the style of books of the period; and the shape and design of binding of these volumes are based on a book into which the letters were copied by Mrs. Amory.

Mrs. Amory was but twenty-one years old when these letters were written, and they show that keen eye and lively interest in art that characterized her throughout life. It is to this, and to her strong feeling for matters connected with family history, that we owe the authoritative life of John Singleton Copley.

D. B. U.

Contents of Volume I

PAGE

LETTER I. *Havre, November 1st, 1833* 3

Departure from Boston — Incidents of the Journey — Arrival in New York — The Embarkation — Travelling Companions — The Storm — Life at Sea — In the English Channel — A Lottery — Landing at Havre

LETTER II. *Paris, November 5th* 10

Departure for Paris — Costumes of the Peasantry — Beggars — Women at Work — Caudebec — Visit to the Church — Arrival at Rouen — The Cathedral — Church of St. Ouen — Drive round the Town — A Night at Mantes — St. Germain — Meeting with Lady Lyndhurst — Entry into Paris — The Bath — Apartment in the Rue de Rivoli — Lady Lyndhurst's Visit

LETTER III. *Paris, November 9th* 18

A Shopping Expedition — Geroux's Toyshop — Café des Trois Frères — Palais Royal — New Church of the Madeleine — Encounter with the Royal Family — The King and Queen of the Belgians — Gardens of the Tuileries — Place de la Concorde — Dinner at Mr. Welles's — Mrs. Otis

LETTER IV. *Paris, November 11th* 23

Excursion to Versailles — The Gardens — Out-door Life of the French — A Tea at Lady Lyndhurst's

LETTER V. *Paris, November —* 25

The Artificial Flower Shop — Birthday Gifts — Paris Weather — At the Play — Mademoiselle George

LETTER VI. *Paris, November 21st* 27

A Sèvres Table — The Passage Panorama — Exhibition of Sèvres Porcelain — La Bourse — Visit to the Gobelins — Unpopularity of Louis Philippe — Royal Economies

LETTER VII. *Paris, November —* 32

Notre Dame — Gardens of the Luxembourg — The Picture Gallery — Jardin des Plantes — A Visit to the Giraffe — Mason Warren — The Louvre — Lord Granville — Hôtel des Invalides

LETTER VIII. *Paris, November 28th* 37

Visit to the Manufactory of Sèvres — Palace of St. Cloud — Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Blight — Funeral of Marshal Jourdan — At the Opera — The Luxembourg Again — Panorama of Algiers — Old Armour — Admiration of the People for Napoleon — New Lodgings — A Visit to Herbault's — Galignani's

LETTER IX. *Paris, December 16th* 43

Departure of Mr. and Mrs. Greene for Italy — Visit to the Cirque Olympique — Lady Lyndhurst at Dinner — Theatre of the Palais Royal

LETTER X. *Paris, December 23rd* 46

Chapelle Expiatoire — Bois du Boulogne — Lady Lyndhurst

LETTER XI. *Paris, December 26th* 47

Visit from Lady Lyndhurst — Opening of the Chamber of Deputies — A Dinner at the Café de Paris — Journey of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Poussin — Marché des Innocents — A Christmas Dinner — First Meeting with Lord Lyndhurst — M. Comte's Theatre

LETTER XII. *Paris, January 18th*, 1834 51

New Year's Day — New Year's Gifts — "Bertrand et Raton" — Lady Lyndhurst at Court — Bois de Vincennes — Dining Out — Mr. Welles's Obliging Offer

LETTER XIII. *Paris, January 22nd* 54

Sad News — Lady Lyndhurst's Illness — Her Sudden Death — Interview with Lord Lyndhurst — His Departure for England

LETTER XIV. *Paris, February 1st* 57

Sitting for a Miniature — Plans for Leaving Paris — The New *Calèche* — Père La Chaise — Hôtel de Cluny

LETTER XV. *Marseilles, February 9th* 61

Leaving Paris — Fontainebleau — Lyons — An Accident — Country Hospitality — Avignon — Entrance to Marseilles — Embarkation for Genoa — Hurried Travelling — A Sea Voyage — Arrival at Genoa — Genoese Palaces and Churches — Buying a New *Calèche* — Political State of Genoa

LETTER XVI. *Pisa, February 20th* 73

An Earthquake — Dinner with Mr. Campbell — Journey to Pisa — Italian Roads — Sarzana — Peasant Girl *en Fête* — Italian Inns — Carrara — Arrival at Pisa — The Leaning Tower by Moonlight — Cathedral and Campo Santo

LETTER XVII. *Rome, February 24th* 81

Departure for Rome — Siena — Posting in Italy — Aquapendente — Monterosi — The Melancholy Campagna — "*Eccolà San Pietro!*"

LETTER XVIII. *Naples, March 1st* 85

A "General Idea" of Rome — Journey to Naples — *Vetturino* Travelling — A Family Party — Sights of Naples — Malibran at San Carlo — A Visit to Baiæ — Museo Borbonico

LETTER XIX. *Naples, March 5th* 91

Drive to Pompeii — Neapolitan Beggars — Walk through Pompeii — The Sleeping City — Herculaneum

LETTER XX. *Naples, March 8th* 97

The Museum — Castello di Sant' Elmo — Tomb of Virgil — Chapel of St. Severo and its Statues — The Catacombs — The Dog and the Candle

LETTER XXI. *Mola, March 13th* 101

Adieu to Naples — Caserta — Charles III — Capua and its Amphitheatre

LETTER XXII. *Rome, March 17th* 103

From Mola to Rome — Itri — Lazzaroni — The Pontine Marshes — The Picturesque — Albano — In Rome Again — Searching for Lodgings

LETTER XXIII. *Rome, March 20th* 108

The Pincian — The Corso — Mrs. H. Gray — The Forum — Arch of S. Severus — Basilica of Constantine — The Colosseum — Palace of the Caesars — Piazza di

LETTER XLIII. *Venice, May 25th* 199

The Bridge of Sighs — Secret Cells — Monastery of San Lazaro — Memories of Byron — More Pictures and Churches

LETTER XLIV. *Verona, May 28th* 204

Plans for Departure — Charms of Venice — Austrian Policy — A Sudden Storm — The Friendly Island — Arrival at Padua — Curiosities of Padua — Country around Vicenza — Verona — Tomb of Juliet — Romantic Associations

LETTER XLV. *Milan, May 30th* 212

Verona — Lago di Garda — Brescia and its Antiquities

LETTER XLVI. *Milan, June 2nd* 215

Arrival in Milan — Da Vinci's "Last Supper" — The Cathedral — Ascent to the Summit — The Ambrosian Library — The Amphitheatre — Sad News

LETTER XLVII. *Milan, June 6th* 220

Waiting for Letters — Adieu to Mrs. Gray — Plans for Switzerland — Luini and Leonardo da Vinci — Projects of Napoleon

LETTER XLVIII. *Milan, June 6th* 224

Lack of Sights in Milan — Arco della Pace — Austrian Imitativeness

LETTER XLIX. *Como, June 7th* 225

From Milan to Monza — The Treasury — The Iron Crown — Lake of Como — Villa Sommariva — Resemblance of Lake Como to Lake George — Town of Como

LETTER L. *Baveno, June 9th* 230

From Como to Baveno — Beauty of the Country — Arona — Statue of San Carlo Borromeo — Lago Maggiore — The Borromean Islands — Isola Madre

Letters of Martha Babcock Amory to

Mrs. Gardiner Greene

Mrs. Amory's Letters

I

Havre, Novr 1st, 1833.

S I have promised you, my dearest Mother, an exact account of my "*European experiences*," I take the first opportunity to commence, after liberation from sea. You, I am sure, will remember the 27th of September, when we left Brookline with you; and our final adieu at Dedham; that parting scene I shall long remember—such moments are not easily obliterated from the memory! We reached Providence to sleep, after a melancholy ride, which, however, was much enlivened to Mr Amory by Mr E. Preble's company, who very kindly attended us to N. York, and remained there with us till the eveg before we sailed. Before leaving Providence we paid a long visit to our friends the Arnolds, who received us with even more than their usual kindnefs. At noon we took pafsage in the Steamboat, where among others of our acquaintance, we recognized Mr & Mrs N. Amory, who, however, stopped at Newport. In spite of my

Lady Lyndhurst
From a Contemporary Lithograph.

presented me with a beautiful diamond brooch—you know at such a time any attention from a friend is doubly gratifying. An easterly wind prevented our progreſs, & the next morn^{g} the prospect was not much more favourable. At noon, however, the wind changed & preparations commenced for getting under way: you may imagine the anger of the Captain & the impatience of the paſsengers at our being detained by two gentlemen, from some mistaken information. At last they appeared & were hailed with delight, & in a short time the City was fast receding from view. Our paſsengers were twenty in number, Margaret, the Captain's wife & myself were the only ladies— accordingly, our cabin was comparatively quite a private saloon. An Italian Marquis, a most perfect gentleman, in that ordeal of manners, *board ship*—Mr Brevoort, a New Yorker, & a most delightful companion from his information & a fund of anecdote, were the two *stars* of the company—while two noisy, troublesome boys, belonging to the Captain, & one Master Carry, a poor creature, alike deformed in body & mind, were the most unpleasant of the party; which besides consisted of young men from the different cities.

Our veſsel was neat & tolerably comfortable, tho' small, & a very slow sailer, & in the opinion of most on board, a terrible roller; our Captain was boisterous & pompous & as we had an excellent Mate we did not lose much from his being confined to his Stateroom the first half of the voyage; the Steward, an equally important character in my opinion, was civil &

obliging, & on the whole every thing went on very smoothly & pleasantly. The very fact of there not being a single unlucky word or adverse feeling among so many, and during so tedious a paſsage, proves that we were singularly fortunate in the materials of which our party consisted. Perhaps the fact of there being but little suffering from sea-sickneſs contributed somewhat to the general good humour. Much to my sorrow, poor Mr A—— was a perfect martyr to this unpleasant complaint. It is my disposition to draw good from evil, & I am accordingly flattering myself his health will be the better for it during the winter. Margaret too was indisposed, tho' comparatively slightly. I myself escaped entirely; I did not even feel the sensation—our family are certainly most fortunate in this respect. However, I know well enough what it *must be*, to pity my friends—an odd idea that one does not sympathise with one's neighbours if they are seasick merely!

Our winds were very unfavourable 'till we paſsed the Banks of Newfoundland on the 14th, with the agreeable variety of frequent gales & cold foggy weather. I think I never shall forget the night of the 10th. The wind for the last twenty-four hours had gradually been rising 'till it actually became a tempest; I retired to bed, well knowing, however, I could not sleep, as the toſsing to & fro even the night before, prevented my forgetting myself even for a moment. How dull I felt as I listened to the roaring of the storm without, & the din around, with the dashing of the waves against the sides of the veſsel,

those only who have witnefsed similar scenes can imagine; presently I find danger of another kind approaching. I occupied an under berth, & consequently was startled to find the one above give way; but happily one single bar at the head was faithful to its trust, else I must have had some most serious accident. Whether my nerves were somewhat excited by the shock I cannot tell, but it was to me a solemn night. Thoughts of home, & of those who make home what it is, prefsed heavily on my heart, & most grateful did I feel that you too had not braved the dangers of the ocean. About 2 o'clock a dreadful crash was heard, succeeded by a perfect calm for a moment, & the joyful sound "the wind is changed," greeted my ears; & tho' the vefsel lay tofsing in the trough of the sea, as if the masts must touch the waves at every turn, I felt comparative relief. What a gloomy picture a breakfast on board ship, after a storm—every thing damp, the dead lights all in, & the passengers all looking tired & worn out, to say nothing of the view on deck. After this the wind was fair for some days. On the 14th we had the agreeable variety of speaking three vessels, the Dawson bound for N. York, & two crowded with emigrants, for Halifax; before this we had seen several sails in the distance, & numerous fishing boats, but had no opportunity of hailing them.

It is a most animating sight, a ship under full sail approaching & interchanging intelligence; to see any thing like life on the vast expanse around would be delightful indeed, & when

you add to this the feeling of pleasure, from knowing what your friends will enjoy, from hearing your bark is still above water, you will enter into my meaning.

The very monotony of a sea life is fatiguing; you learn longing for motion & animation. I never before understood the feeling, often as I have heard it described; I imagined the perfect novelty, the seaviews, sometimes a sail or a school of porpoises, to say nothing of whales or sharks, would be constantly offering something interesting & curious, but Mother Carey's chickens were almost the only things with life we saw. My principal amusement was learning French phrases; towards the end of the paſsage I commenced a purse, but I cannot say either my needle or my books poſseſsed their usual interest.

Our favourable winds having continued, we were flattering ourselves our eyes would be gladdened with the sight of land on the 25th or 26th, consequently our disappointment was greater than I can describe when we found the wind "dead ahead"—what a gloomy sound in these words!—& we were toſsing about in the British Channel eight days, each moment hoping for a good fresh breeze from the West, & thinking how soon it would take us into port. But alas! there seemed some fatality against us; the wind would change for a second & then chop around to the old point—it was tedious indeed! We could do nothing but tack, in the mornᵍ approach the English Coast & then turn our course to France; then too the tide would drift us as far off one twelve hours as it had borne us

on the preceding. While off Scilly we had a violent gale, which, from the vicinity of land, was much more dangerous than the one which alarmed me before, but as it occurred in the night I, for one, was quite unconscious of the danger. However, we witnefsed so many storms in the Channel I became quite inured to them. In one of these we saw a vefsel dismasted. I afsure you I found this latter a solemn sight, & equalled only by its beauty—the wind suddenly changed, & the moon shone as clear & bright as I ever beheld it, while the "waves mountain high" & beautifully crested, & the majestic motion of the ship, almost close reefed, riding on the water, formed a whole I think I shall never forget, & which, I imagine, is rarely seen in such perfection. We took our Pilot on board the 29th—we had been anxiously looking out for some time among the numerous craft of all descriptions, which constantly appeared & vanished from view. His arrival was interesting too on another account; of course we had our *Lottery*, & the ticket of the six hours in which he arrived won—in this case Mr Brevoort was the favourite of fortune. We had a fine clear view of Eddystone lighthouse after the gale of which I spoke, & on the 30th made that of La Hague, but best of all the morng of the 31st of Octr found us before Havre. After a due degree of bustle, & the ceremonies of the toilet, which I afsure you had a marvellous effect on some of our pafsengers, we were landed—in France! We found little or no difficulty from the custom house, tho' to be sure they did take

poſſeſsion of some cambric, which happened not to be made up; however, they consented to return it. At present my head is almost turned & I can give you no account of the novel scene in which I find myself; suffice it to say, Havre looks just as I supposed an old French town would, & the men, women & children as unlike any thing else, as poſsible, that I ever saw. We are now at the Hôtel de l'Amirauté & very much enjoying a little enlargement, as well as a good French dinner, which I, perhaps, do not relish the leſs for having lived the last month on *baked beans*. Hoping, dear Mother, you may not find my letter quite as tedious as the paſsage it describes, believe me, Yours, M.

II

Paris, Novr 5th, 1833.

THE day after our arrival found us quite ready to set off for Paris. Accordingly, my dear Mother, we engaged a *Calèche* for the purpose, of the exterior appearance of which I shall not say much; but I must do it the justice to add it was perfectly comfortable. Unfortunately we had rain, which to our eager eyes was rather tantalizing, but it was happily not so severe as to prevent our catching many a glimpse of the country.

After leaving Havre we pafsed thro' hamlets in quick succefsion. The entire absence of enclosures, unlefs it be occasionally a green hedge, the thatched roofs & the peculiar form of the cottages almost enveloped in trees & shrubbery form a charming picture, especially to eyes which had been accustomed to the *glare* & freshnefs of villages of a few years growth, & which afsuredly can bear but small claim to the picturesque. It was a fête, All Saints Day, I believe, & the road was covered with the Peasantry, in their holiday attire, which appeared to us odd indeed. The lower clafses, excepting perhaps in Paris, never wear bonnets, but caps universally, & these are of a shape which defy description, & of every possible variety, from the high Norman fashion, rising conically to a great height, to one which more nearly approaches our own style; the rest of the costume, of the brightest colours, with enormous wooden clogs, is quite as peculiar. I could not but remark their robust, healthy appearance, the more that I had not expected it in France; but the women & children are the very picture of health & good humour & look as bright & happy as the landscape around them; & I must tell you how much their manners please me, so very polite without a shadow of servility—they seem to pofsefs that certain something which would fit them for almost any station. A lefs agreeable characteristic is the beggars, who beset you at every nook & corner. If you are going up hill you may be sure a troop of children will burst on you, & follow with the

most provoking perseverance, crying out, "Misère! misère! Monsieur, Madame, ayez pitié d'un pauvre malheureux." It really makes one feel angry to find many perfectly well & able to labour having recourse to this degrading means of support. However, I must confefs they are so easily satisfied, one can hardly refuse them a sou; we were quite amused at the astonishment some of them shew at our throwing them a piece of bread.

A curious sight to us, with our American prejudices, was the women bringing out the post-horses, arranging them & leading the others back, apparently as much *au fait* at the businefs as the men—you see them at work in the fields & in fact, almost all kinds of manual labour seem their province. From the summit of the neighbouring hill we had an extremely pretty view of Lillebonne; but every object, indeed, that we met, every figure that pafsed, either of man or beast, excited very animated exclamations, & notwithstanding all my previous resolutions to preserve my composure, my philosophy was not proof against the odd groups we pafsed. One in particular, consisting of a donkey, a man & two enormous panniers almost burying the former, was not the least amusing. Margaret & myself concluded the women must be blefsed with stronger nerves than in our region, on our meeting one preceding two tremendous cows—mind, *not leading* them—but bravely marching at their head. We reached Caudebec about five, & intended to have continued our progrefs with-

out stopping; but finding lanterns must be arranged to our carriage, we entered the Hotel & were ushered into a *chamber*, where our dinner was served up in due form & order—I afsure you, in somewhat of a different style from one we should meet in our own house. After having dispatched our meal, our maiden enters & asks if we should not like to go & visit the church. Of course we are ready to see every thing, & accordingly, after having borrowed a pair of pattens of our conductrefs, we set out. I am sure you would have smiled had you seen our party trudging thro' the mud, in the dark, thro' streets where you might shake hands from the buildings on opposite sides. In spite of the incumbrance of umbrellas & heavy cloaks we at last reached the Church, & were certainly repaid for our trouble. The effect, by the dim light of a few wax tapers, was certainly very fine; perhaps we could not have seen a specimen of an old Gothic Church for the first time, under a more favourable point of view. As to the date & history of the building, it was lost to me under the veil of a foreign language—in which my progrefs is not yet very astonishing, tho' I am determined no false modesty shall prevent my taking advantage of every opportunity of speaking. In candour I must confefs thus far my efforts afford no little amusement—happily, however, I share the joke myself.

We reached Rouen about 10 o'clock at night; the hour prevented our seeing the view from the summit of the Mountain, which is far famed for its beauty. Winding down it, however,

the numerous lights sparkling on the River, the clear moon breaking thro' the light fleecy clouds, was a fine sight. We found the Grand Hotel, as it is called, very comfortable, & the next morn^{g}, after our breakfast, we set off to see the Cathedral. I should certainly fail should I attempt any description of this fine old building—you have happily seen others of the same style. The exterior is fully equal to the interior & is most imposing. The first glance seems to carry you back centuries & conjure up an ideal & interesting age; the beauty of the carving, the mixture of real strength & massiveness with apparent fragility, the brilliant stained glass, admitting a tempered light thro' the long aisles & lofty columns—all this you may imagine better than I describe. The monument to the memory of W^{m} the Conqueror was pointed out to us, together with those of many other Dukes of Normandy. Their ashes repose beneath. Tho' contrary to the law to beg within the Churches, many rose from their prayers & approached us for that purpose.

We next proceeded to the Church of St Ouen, which is also very interesting. Many prefer it to the Cathedral, but I am not of the number. It is of course far smaller, & tho' there may be a more perfect regularity as a whole, still to me it wants the grandeur & imposing effect which vast size must always give to any building. The Cathedral was commenced in 1000 & the Church, I believe, is of about the same date. You are very much struck with the thought of the prodigious power of superstition

& bigotry over the multitude, to concentrate all their energies & means for an undertaking like this. The Church is in the form of a crofs, & particularly remarkable for the beauty of the windows—over the altar is a fine picture. The gate thro' which the Maid of Orleans pafsed to her execution, in presence of her army, & a statue erected to her memory, were also very interesting from their afsociations. We then rode to the old market place—the tri-coloured flag now waves over the spot where the dreaded guillotine, in the days of Robespierre, sent so many victims to their last account; thence we proceeded to Mt Catherine, drove round the town, admired several fine views, & two beautiful bridges, one of boats, & the first of the kind I ever saw.

Rouen is perhaps the most interesting town in France, from its antiquity, & having been the theatre of many interesting events—it was also the birthplace of W^{m} the Conqueror. I have been much surprised in one respect; every thing bears the impreſs of time—the Destroyer—the dust of centuries envelops every thing—darkens every object, but it has softened & mellowed the picture; your feelings are not hurt by the appearance of decay—if you see it, it is disguised by the mofs & ivy that conceal its ravages. The modern buildings, if any there be, are built as their fathers did before them, & apparently, of the same indefinite compound of mud and plaster—all is in keeping. We left Rouen after a light dinner, with a bright sun which certainly added no little to our plea-

maid, but what contributes most to our pleasure is a nice carriage, which, I aſsure you, is in full demand.

The morn^{g} we amused ourselves with putting things to rights, & about 2 o'clock Copley comes, & announces Lady Lyndhurst & her daughter. He begs me not to be shy, a determination I had already adopted, tho' my heart rather died away as I placed my hand on the lock. Her Ladyship's manners are such as must immediately place every one at ease. She is extremely handsome, with the most magnificent hair in the world, & a face full of expreſsion—& certainly one of the most agreeable women I ever knew. Her kindneſs to me I hope I shall never forget. Little Sarah is one of the most delightful children in the world.

Adieu.

III

Paris, Novr 9th, 1833.

I FIND my time so much occupied, my dear Mother, or, if not actually engaged, my mind so diſsipated by the variety of objects & change of life, that it requires no slight exertion for me to sit down quietly to tell you all I see & hear. In my last, I spoke of Lady L——'s visit; the next day she

was kind enough to offer to take me shopping, an undertaking, however, my *mauvaise honte* tempted me to refuse, for I thought my bad French & slender resources unfit for the expedition. However, at ten o'clock her ladyship calls for me in her carriage; the shops we visited were magnificent & the morn^{g} pafsed very agreeably. I did not feel in the least *awkward*, & even found on my return, my purchases were just what I wanted; which, you know, is saying a good deal, in my case.

I spent the next morning in the same manner. Among the rest, I must not omit mentioning Giroux' Magasin, consisting of a suite of rooms, filled with fancy articles of every kind & description—an enumeration would be impofsible; the last was devoted to toys, the variety & novelty of which might amuse even grown up children, & miniature shops, kitchens, chambers &^{c} all completely furnished; in fact almost every contrivance on a small scale. Punch, however, seemed the universal favourite, but what delighted me most was a little rope-dancer with two musicians, one black & turbaned, the other white, but both with all the airs & graces befitting their profefsion. It was a treat to watch the motions of the performer, & to see the air with which the others kept time, occasionally turning round to mark the admiration of the company—I fancied this little thing amazingly. After a little repose from seeing so many curiosities, we all went to dine at the Café des Trois Frères; excepting poor Margaret who is quite ill with

a cold. As we were by ourselves, in a *Cabinet particulier*, as it is called, it was to me lefs novel than my after experiences of the same sort; however, I enjoyed it very much. Lady L—— is an uncommonly agreeable woman of a great deal of talent, & vast knowledge of the world, & the kindnefs which I have received from her has gratified me extremely, the more as it has so much exceeded any thing I could expect. After dinner we walked round the Palais Royal, & a most brilliant spot it is too. It is, as you perhaps know, built round a square, planted with trees, which, in the summer, must be delightful; on one side is the palace of the Dukes of Orléans, & the rest of the buildings consist of shops on the first floor, Cafés &c, &c; above are apartments, theatres &c. Besides the *Square* there is also another row of covered buildings — but the whole is so constructed as to be entirely under shelter from the weather. Seen in the eveg with the gas lights, the pretty objects at the windows, & the numerous figures moving round — in short it enchanted me. We went into a Confectioner's, where I never saw any thing more excellent than some of the imitations in chocolate & sugar. The eveg was very pleasurably concluded with a glafs of ice at Tortoni's. The next day we received the rest of our baggage, & being engaged in arranging my *numerous* affairs, I declined an invitation to shopping. This day we dined at a Café, in the saloon, which I enjoyed much, but yesterday it was still pleasanter at Véry's, as the number of people was greater, & of course

more amusing — the walls are almost covered with mirrors, & the variety of little tables for parties from one to two, three, or more, reflected on every side, almost bewildering; at the same time you are almost as secluded from the rest as in your house.

Before dinner we called on Lady L——, & finding her out, we proceeded to visit a new Church called the Madeleine, & a most superb one it will be when completed. It is very large, in imitation of a Roman Temple, & combines ornament & simplicity. While there the royal equipages are pointed out to us at the door; accordingly we drew up, waiting patiently their appearance; but after shivering for some time, we were on the point of giving up the busineſs. Meanwhile the party approached, but after some demur they vanished, & proceeded to the next door. Here too we were disappointed; the carriages paſsed on to still the third entrance, & we in full chase. The people too flew round, laughing & apparently enjoying the fun highly. We drew up close to the royal carriage, in which were the Queens of France & of Belgium & the two Kings. Of course I made the most of the opportunity & stared so terribly as to induce one of their majesties to take up his quizzing glaſs, who, having satisfied his curiosity, very politely touched his hat. There is for you! Luckily I have a witneſs for this little anecdote in Mr. A——.

The Princeſses Marie & Clementina were in a carriage behind. They are not remarkably pretty—the Queen of the Bel-

gians is more so—but royalty, you know, confers a multitude of charms. But it is insufficient to adorn the Queen of France, who is certainly as plain a person as I ever beheld. The equipages are nothing extraordinary, the hammer-cloths are rich, & of a bright scarlet—as well as the livery. Today our fellow passenger, the Marquis Torregiani, called to see us; & I had the pleasure of an interview with a dress-maker, who I find are the same all the world over. After this I walked in the Tuileries with Lady L——. How beautiful the gardens are, how fine the buildings round—& beyond the Chamber of Deputies, corresponding to the Madeleine—the "Pont" & then a Pillar raised on the spot where Louis the XVI was beheaded—to be replaced, however, by another, this being only the model of the one projected. During the Revolution this Square was called "Place de la Concorde." After the restoration, it bore the name of "Louis Quinze," but has now resumed its ancient appellation. One of the strongest characteristics of the French is, I think, their fondness for an out-of-door life. The gardens are full of women & children sitting, often without bonnets or outside garments, totally regardless of the damp & cold.

I dined at Mr Welles'. He has a fine, large house, Place St Georges, not remarkably tasteful, however, in its arrangement; & from what I hear I imagine that our houses are far better furnished, & certainly more comfortably, than is usual in France. Mrs Otis was one of the guests, & not as *lively* as common; she was certainly any thing but *Parisian* in her at-

tire; but if you take her at her word, every lady she sees admires different articles so much as to be quite embarrafsing —her dreſses are all made, she tells me, after her American patterns. Perhaps you remember Miſs Eustaphieve [?]; she was also at Mr Welles'. She appeared to me much improved, quite natural in manners & not much older. She has since been married, &, it is said, very well—I cannot say I felt much obliged to her, however, when she seated herself at the piano, as I was going to the Theatre, & in consequence, arrived so late as to be able to give you but a short account of Mlle Mars, who performed in "Les Enfants d'Édouard." She is certainly in wonderful preservation for her years, & still more, has a most charming voice. The Théâtre Français is a small but very pretty house.

Adieu.

IV

Paris, Monday, November 11th, 1833.

YESTERDAY we had a delightful expedition to Versailles, in company with Lady L——. The day was fine & clear tho' cold, & after a pleasant ride we reached the Hotel near the Palace. Here we made a slight luncheon, & then commenced our promenade.

The gardens are very extensive, & the water-works famous all the world over. The season is such as to prevent the full enjoyment of such a scene, but the grafs still retained its verdure, & the forests, which form the background, their leaves, tho' much of the brilliancy of Autumn had gone; the *jets d'eau* are magnificent. The Palace itself is very extensive, & tho' uninhabited, is kept in repair; it was entirely dismantled of its furniture during the Revolution, & most of the pictures; these, however, have been replaced by others, tho' it is entirely empty otherwise. We did not go inside, but as we shall repeat our visit in a more favourable season, I did not regret it. The Orangerie is very large, & some of the trees of extreme age; it was removed to its winter quarters, which are semicircular, with a large grafs plat in front, on which they are placed in summer. The various figures of every kind are too numerous to describe; a colofsal one of the "Grand Monarque" is said to have been a fine likenefs. The French style of gardening I do not admire—the long, strait avenues & every tree trimmed with mathematical regularity; but at Versailles you see it on so large a scale that it is rather imposing. The Village of Sèvres, thro' which we pafsed, will, I hope, be one of our earliest jaunts.

The ease with which the French of every clafs gain admifsion almost everywhere is a pleasant thing, as well as the taste they evince for pleasures of a pure & innocent kind. The gardens at Versailles, as well as all in the vicinity of Paris,

are actually crowded, when the weather is at all fine; & cold as it was yesterday, there were many there besides ourselves. Strangers too gain acceſs with extraordinary facility, & almost always gratis, to every object of interest.

We dined at the Rocher de Cancale, which at present is considered the best Restaurant in Paris; & afterwards adjourned to Lady L——'s, where tea, cake & ices refreshed us after our *slight repast*. Her lodgings are not nearly as agreeable as ours; the room, however, was filled with her purchases, & when I tell you they were the *élite* of the Metropolis you will imagine them ornamental. A *kiſs* from her ladyship concluded the experiences of the day.

Adieu.

V

Paris, November —, 1833.

THURSDAY, my dear Mother, we went to call on Lady Lyndhurst after our leſson, & proceeded from thence to the Tuileries with her. I always find matter for amusement in the people I meet in the gardens. The children are particularly interesting; they follow their different pursuits just the same as if in the nursery—one place you see a group jumping rope, in another driving a hoop & so on. The Maids are

generally loaded with their toys. After our walk we went to a shop for artificial flowers. I never saw any thing more perfect than the imitations. In proof they were good, I must tell you I caught myself *smelling* them; a bunch of Carnations, which I chose, will not, I hope, fade before my return. Thence we drove to a Furrier's & then returned home to dinner, & employed the eve^{g} in going to see "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Rubini & Grafsi, the two famous singers, of course delighted us. Friday we dined with Lady L—— at the Rocher. It was my birthday, which the kindnefs of my friends recalled to memory in a very agreeable manner. M^{r} A——, as you know of old, was always most kind on such occasions, but imagine my astonishment on entering the room to receive a beautiful little ornament consisting of an efsence bottle, ring & fastening for the belt—but still more when Sarah gave me a pretty little box of pens. There is something particularly gratifying to me, in a remembrance from a child. And here we come in due order to yesterday, which was as usual all fog, the most common state of the atmosphere in a Paris winter, which I must confefs I have found thus far lefs agreeable than our own climate, of which you know we complain so much. The weather is milder; indeed, I have not yet felt a cold day; but we have constant dampnefs & a great deal of rain; but give me a bright sun, with the variety of severe storms, if you please, in exchange for the constant drizzle.

In the eve^{g} we went to the theatre of the Porte-St-Martin,

one of the minor ones, & tho' both Margaret & myself were highly diverted, I could not but feel disgusted with the ranting of Mlle George, tho' I afsure you, it produced a very different effect on the rest of the audience; most of the women & many of the men were actually difsolved in tears. She performed the part of the Queen in "Marie Tudor" & you may imagine the character gave free scope for her genius. This actrefs was a great favourite of Napoleon; I presume she must have altered very much since his day. She is very coarse, with an enormous figure & a very unpleasant voice. I much prefer the operas to any other amusement, not that I profefs myself an enthusiastic admirer of music, by any means, but the brilliancy of the houses, the scenery, & in the French one the ballet, are very fascinating; in short, I delight in them.

Adieu.

VI

Paris, Novr 21st, 1833.

I HAVE always much to tell you & yet the variety that I see around me bewilders me so much, I am almost incapable of giving you any distinct account of my adventures; but still, if you will take my letters "for better—for worse," I

will persevere & carry you back to last Monday, & describe to you one of the most enviable things that has thus far crofsed my path. Can you imagine what it is after this preamble? No! I fear not. Think what ladies like—gold, jewels, & fine raiment? It is none of these; well! do you give up? try again—You will not—well then, I must e'en tell you. It was a *table;* a centre table, but the pride of its race, the glory of its maker. It was imagined by Napoleon, in honour of his Marshals, after the Austrian Campaign. In the middle he himself, in his robes of state, reclines on a sofa. From him diverge twelve rays, each of which enclose a miniature portrait of one of his Generals, painted by the celebrated Isabey; the rest of the top is beautifully gilded & covered by a glafs. It is the most splendid specimen of Sèvres Porcelain that was ever executed; the pedestal is of dead gilding, with figures raised, in biscuit; the beauty of the whole & the perfection of the painting is inconceivable. It was presented by the Emperor to the City of Paris & was originally placed in the Louvre, but at the Restoration, with the narrow policy which characterised the party, it was sold, & is now exhibited by the proprietor who is desirous of selling it, & if unsuccefsful, threatens taking it to England for that purpose. We also walked round the Palais Royal; but daylight destroys much of the illusion. We accompanied Mifs Atherton to the Pafsage Panorama to see some beautiful jewelry; the diamond birds, brooches & bracelets I shall reserve, for description, to a more familiar *conversation.*

Let us see: I believe these were all the memorable experiences of the day, & the next, after our usual French lesson, we went to see the exhibition of Sèvres Porcelain, the beauty of which beggars description, whether it is the exquisite delicacy of the painting, or the perfection of the material, I know not. I cast my eyes anxiously around to see what you or I might fancy, an easy task! Among many other articles, a defsert set which I thought very neat & pretty arrested my gaze, but alas! we could not soar so high — in fact this beautiful article is only for royalty. We anticipate paying a visit to the Manufactory itself, so the subject will be again introduced to your notice. We also visited La Bourse, one of the most splendid buildings in Paris. It is supported by numerous pillars, with a perfectly flat roof, but the interior charmed me still more—the beauty of the ceiling is beyond description. After ascending the stairs, you can look down on the people, & listen to the echo of the voices, which, when it is crowded, must be indeed like the waves of the sea. We were told that this was the headquarters of the last Revolution. After leaving our Cards at Mr Livingston's, the American Ambafsador, & calling on Lady L——, I returned to a dinner which I thought we had earned.

Yesterday we devoted to the Tapestry of the Gobelins. After the superlatives I have so liberally made use of, I must call one still higher to my aid for this beautiful art. The building itself was in perfect order, & in the different rooms we saw

the work in various stages of perfection, but I can only tell you that a sort of comb & a wooden needle were very active agents; the part appropriated to the worsteds, arranged in most beautiful shades, would have delighted Mary. After admiring the Tapestry sufficiently, we came to the carpets, which I think are even more beautiful still, & resemble the richest velvet rather than any other fabric. I could not but regret that they should ever be doomed to bear the foot on their flowers & fruit—they appear to be made much like the Wilton carpets. The last room contained the Tapestry which was entirely finished & in frames, waiting 'till some vacancy in one or other of the Royal Palaces is to be filled. For brilliancy of colouring, & indeed for truth, they equal the finest paintings, & are copied from those in the Louvre. Among others there was a Holy Family from Raphael; the meeting of Charles V & Francis I; a very large one of Napoleon touching those infected with the plague, to restore confidence to his dispirited troops; an Offering to Venus, & in fact they were *all* superb. This is exclusively a Royal Manufactory, & even if willing to give the price, I believe it is impofsible to purchase any of the articles. The carpets are made expreſsly for the different Rooms of the Palaces; for instance the one I particularly admired was destined for the Salle du Trône.

We asked how long it required to finish one of the larger pieces, & were told more than 8 years, but this of course depends somewhat on the quality; for this varies, a small por-

trait having required as long—but the fabric was so exquisite that on the nearest examination you could scarcely detect the stitches. The establishment consists of one hundred & forty workmen. Many of the pieces were commenced by Napoleon, & these, as well as those in which he was introduced, were left unfinished during the Bourbon administration; but the present King, with a more liberal, as well as popular policy, has not only completed what the Emperor commenced, but adopts many of his plans for the embellishment & improvement of the City — in fact I sometimes think what a pity it is Napoleon could not have kept posseſsion of his throne in peace, for a few years more. He would have indeed made this a magnificent Metropolis.

Louis Philippe is not very much beloved, I aſsure you. The French will never be satisfied—they are too democratic for a Monarchy, & certainly not exactly fitted for a more popular form of government. I suspect the Throne of France will not prove a very easy seat for its occupant. We hear that the King wishes to make himself absolute, that he is deceitful, & perhaps what is a still more crying sin, that he is mean. You would smile could you have heard my woman, with all the indignation imaginable, describing many matters of internal arrangement which in her opinion derogated not a little from the kingly dignity—how his Majesty made an agreement to be supplied at his dinner with dishes to average ten francs apiece. "And you know, Madame, he could have

no very fine ones for that—& then the Queen has her feathers *cleaned* & her blonde laces *washed.* Such contrivances, like any poor person; when she can't use them she ought to give them away." I agreed with her here. But I have wandered from my subject. From the Manufactory we drove to that of glafs, but being too late, returned by the Boulevards, where the ever varying scene is always diverting. After dinner Mr Amory & myself were left to a tête-à-tête by the rest of the party going to the Opera. Imagine us agreeable & believe me yours—

M.

VII

Paris, November —, 1833.

SUNDAY Morn^g^ we went to Notre Dame. The exterior is very fine—the true, venerable Gothic. Whether the front or back view is most imposing, I cannot say. A building which formerly concealed one side is now removed; the advantage of an open space around their public buildings the French understand & practice. The interior, in my opinion, is by no means equal to the exterior. They were performing Mafs. It was cold & I thought gloomy. Several ordinary pictures cover the walls, but these we did not particularly examine.

After this we went to the Palace of the Luxembourg. The day was fine, the gardens pleasant & crowded with people all in their holiday dreſs. The grounds are extensive & in the usual French style. The green graſs still spoke of summer & might have recalled the many pleasant rides & walks we have so lately taken together, had it not been for the strange people around, & the still more odd figures, which are the never failing ornament of French pleasure grounds. We just looked into the Picture Gallery; it was also crowded. It contains a pretty fair specimen of the native school, which I cannot admire; the unnatural colouring & strong contrasts, together with the unpleasant subjects chosen for their pencil, make it to me an unpleasant exhibition. Margaret & myself, amused by the variety of shipwrecks, battles, plagues & bloody deaths, sought in vain for more agreeable subjects for the imagination to dwell upon, & we concluded the French must delight to revel on the grand & terrific. Among others, the last moments of Queen Elizabeth, in which the Counteſs of [Nottingham] shows the ring, entrusted to her by the unhappy Earl of Eſsex, is striking — the coloſsal figure of the dying queen seems actuated by a thousand conflicting emotions; but on the other hand, I must confeſs there was a pretty little piece of "The first Kiſs of Love," which perhaps appeared the better after the pictures I have mentioned. We shall pay another visit to this Palace. The entresol was pointed out to us as containing a favourite suite of apartments of Marie de' Medici, a

visit to which we deferred to some other day. The Chamber of Peers at present occupies part of the building, which they were arranging for the winter sefsion.

And now for today. In the first place I must tell you it was a holiday; our French Master being on guard could not attend us. Accordingly, at an early hour we were in the carriage, on our way to the Garden of Plants. My first wonder was how we could live in Paris without seeing it, & then astonishment at the extent & arrangement. As to describing it, I am sure I cannot. There is a sort of natural, rustic look about every thing that is delightful; the little wicker fences & thatched buildings, appropriated to the different animals, are very picturesque. It seemed to me every beast, bird & insect had its representative, & at the same time that they were aware of the distinction with which they were treated; the peacock seemed to spread its tail more proudly—the birds to sing more gaily —& even the lordly Elephant trod with a more majestic air. The aviary was so neat & its occupants so brilliant!

We saw a sign-board purporting the weather was so cold that the Giraffe would not be able to leave her apartments. We accordingly called on her ladyship, & a wonderful creature it is too. It is eight y^rs^ old, six of which it has been in France, & is 15 & ½ (17 or 18 of our measure) feet high; it stopt growing at five years old. It makes no sound whatever & lives on vegetables. I had the honour of offering her ladyship some carrots, which she very graciously accepted. The

Nubian who takes care of it is somewhat of a curiosity himself. The part destined to the wild beasts we also visited, & I afsure you, were not a little startled by the roaring of the king of the forest; another enclosure is occupied by monkeys & various other creatures, among which I remarked a rattlesnake. We returned home as much fatigued as delighted with our excursion; in the eve^{g} we had a visit from Mason Warren.

The next day we went to the Louvre, which afforded me as much pleasure as usual, the Statue Gallery included; but I cannot tell whether to admire most the excellent taste shown in the arrangement, or the works themselves. I believe we stared as if we had been in fairy land. After this we paid several visits, & arose the next morn^{g}, to resume our labours. Immediately after breakfast, we set off for the Glafs Manufactory; the procefs we witnefsed is extremely interesting, but of this I shall not pretend to speak. After this we drove up & down the Boulevards for some time. After our sight-seeing is over I generally pay visits, & this day called on Lady Lyndhurst where I met Lord Granville—after all, *titles* do not constitute the difference between man & man. In the even^{g} she sent us a ticket for the Opéra Comique, where we went with Sarah. I had a very pleasant eve^{g}.

Yesterday, a fine day tempted us to take a drive to the Bois du Boulogne. It is quite a large wood, & is famous as the resort of Duellers. It is very pleasant. Returning we enjoyed a fine view of the City, near the École Militaire. After this we went

to see a few friends & dined with M^r & Mrs Pouſsin. Mrs Otis was the only guest besides ourselves; & we had an agreeable visit. He, you know, is one of the gay ones.

I must not omit describing the weather to you, for tho' so trite a subject in conversation, it really goes far towards making one happy when agreeable. Here it has been gloomy in the extreme; ceaseleſs mist & rain. Sunday is almost the only one in the week we see the sun, & that is almost invariably pleasant; but perhaps we enjoy the ceſsation of rain the more from its rarity.

Today, after much hesitation, we concluded to go to the Hôpital des Invalides, & tho' it be the neverfailing burden of my song, I must confeſs myself delighted. The Church is extremely beautiful, the ceiling finely carved & painted, or rather that of the Chapels, & the floor composed of marble, of different kinds, in various figures. It is hung with colours taken by Napoleon in his different battles. Many were burnt by the Allied Army, but those remaining were hid. The effect is fine & striking, tho' certainly these are not the most appropriate decorations for a Temple dedicated to the Prince of Peace.

Behind the Church is a large Rotunda, surrounded by little Chapels, six in number. In the former are deposited the remains of Turenne & Vauban.

Adieu, my dear Mother.

VIII

Paris, Novr 28th, 1833.

TUESDAY mornᵍ was pleasanter than usual, & we determined to make the most of it by going to Sèvres & Sᵗ Cloud. Nothing I think can be a greater treat than a visit to the former. The exquisite beauty of the paintings I have before spoken of, but the display at the Manufactory itself far surpafsed any thing I had before seen: most superb Clocks, vases, dinner sets, ornaments of every description, besides pictures, in frames, copied from those of celebrity—every thing in fact; & one might almost have furnished a room with the Porcelain, magnificent secretaries, centre tables, to say nothing of bijoux boxes &ᶜ &ᶜ. In price they are only suited to royalty; in fact the Manufactory belongs to the King, & he makes use of the different articles for presents. There was quite a suite of rooms filled with these beautiful things, & another containing specimens of porcelain from every quarter of the world. In one little dark corner I espied a small white saucer with "Amerique," in large letters, on it. They have also a model in biscuit of every article which has ever left the Factory. After seeing all this, we came to the procefs itself, but as any account you could pofsibly find would be better than mine, I spare you.

After this we proceeded to Sᵗ Cloud—a beautiful Palace it

is too. I fear I must give the preference to the grounds rather than to those of Versailles; they are not so stiff & precise & command a fine view of Paris & the surrounding Country. The exterior of the building is nothing remarkable; the interior, however, pleased me very much; the rooms are rich & in good taste, & it abounds in beautiful pictures—the Salle d'Apollo is really magnificent. The portrait of Napoleon by the celebrated David, representing him on horseback, adorns this Palace. You may imagine we had seen enough for one day, & were not a little fatigued. We, however, pafsed the evening at Mrs Atherton's, according to promise. Here we met Mrs Blight, who was so celebrated as Mifs Fulton for beauty—the least trace, however, does not now remain to tell the tale. Her sister is with her.

The next day we devoted to attending the funeral of old Maréchal Jourdan, one of Napoleon's Generals, & lately Governor of the Hôpital des Invalides. He was buried with considerable pomp. Among the royal equipages was that belonging to the Duke of Orléans. But what most struck me was the mixture of solemnity & frivolity, the want of that external gravity which befits such a scene; the hearse itself was a union of tinsel & mourning. The services were concluded with a discourse from one of his old comrades, not a word of which, however, reached my ear; & his remains were deposited under the Chapel; the long line of Military, followed by the private carriages, wound slowly round the building & af-

forded us egreſs. I felt very glad I had seen the ceremony, for scenes like this give you a good idea of the National character.

The eveg we went to the Opéra Française, where we saw "Robert le Diable." I was truly delighted, particularly with the dancing. A man by the name of Parrot is really a prodigy. The power he poſseſsed over his muscles is absolutely astonishing, & must require most persevering practice, tho' for grace he by no means compares with my favourite Taglioni; much to my disappointment she did not perform that eveg. The scenery was magnificent. One act in particular—the interior of a Church, with the bodies of the dead nuns lying inanimate on their tombs, & the cold beams of the moon on the broken pillars & Courts. The first glance really made you shudder—I never saw any thing better. Mrs Ward, Post & Donnell were of the party. The next day we repeated our visit to the Luxembourg, & we went over the apartments of Marie de' Medici. I aſsure you, they were well worth the visit—first a small, low Chapel, quite plain, next the dining room in the same style & then her sleeping room richly gilt, & the ceiling finely painted by Rubens. It carried me back centuries.

We also spent a short time in the Picture Gallery, which the more confirmed my dislike to such subjects. The day was gloomy & we returned immediately home, & the next morng went to see the Panorama of Algiers, a most excellent one it is too—to this very moment I am positive I have really been there—the deception was faultleſs—the streets, Pal-

aces, Mosques & Harbour—all was before & around you; a few figures walking about was all that you wanted. There was also a fac-simile of a chamber occupied by one of the Governors of Algiers. After this distant journey, the rest of the morning was delightfully spent at the Louvre & the eve^{g} we drank tea with Lady Lyndhurst. Whether our zeal for sight-seeing was damped, I cannot say, but Saturday was not so agreeably paſsed in visiting Les Arts et les Métiers, but the Artillerie was very interesting. It consists of specimens of ancient armour—some entire & in the most perfect preservation—arms of all kinds, ancient and modern; in short all kinds of offensive and defensive weapons. During the last Revolution many of these were taken for use, but all were carefully returned, excepting one or two odd articles. Among the coats-of-mail were those of Charlemagne, Jeanne d'Arc, of Bayard & many other heroes of by-gone days—together with their lances, & in short all their appurtenances. Some of these were beautifully worked & carved, & to appearance as fresh as tho' made but yesterday. The day was cold & gloomy, & tho' interested, we were not sorry to return to our Hotel. Riding thro' the narrow streets is to me one of the greatest amusements—the odd figures—the queer old buildings—every sort of work out on the side-walks—all strike a stranger very much & me particularly. One of the great charms of these expeditions is the excellent arrangement, & the fine taste throughout every thing, & strangers find it so agreeable to gain accefs so easily

to all the objects of curiosity & interest. The French certainly in this instance merit their reputation for politenefs, tho' I am quite doubtful whether the lower clafs of people differ much from those of other countries. The veneration & admiration that pervade the great mafs of the people for Napoleon, is quite striking—any play or book in which he is introduced is quite certain of gaining admirers. We dined at the Rocher, with the gentlemen who gave us a dinner there some time since, & then adjourned to Lady L——'s to take tea.

Yesterday we went over the Palais Royal, which, you know, belongs to the Duke of Orléans. It is, in my opinion, nothing extraordinary. The pictures are miserable in the extreme; one long Gallery recently arranged, is filled with mere daubs, representing scenes in the Revolution of July, 1830. We could not but smile at the number of comfortable, portly looking footmen in their gorgeous scarlet livery. We visited afterwards the Bourbon Palace, occupied, formerly, by the Ducheſs of Berry; it looked forlorn & deserted enough. It was inhabited by Napoleon, after his return from Elba, and also by the Emperor Alexander. The grounds are pleasant, extending as far as the Champs Élysées. We dined with Lady L—— at the Hôtel du Rhin & enjoyed our visit extremely—she is so delightful a companion, & has shown me such unbounded kindneſs!

The next day, being still more rainy, we were quite satisfied with taking a ride & dining at the Hôtel du Rhin,

which we left two days previous, in consequence of my brother's projected departure for Italy, & our apartment being of course more spacious than we wished. We are now at the Hôtel de Canterbury, in the Rue de la Paix. Our window commands a fine view—on one side of the Boulevard des Italiens, & on the other of the beautiful street I have just named & which leads into the Place Vendôme, one of the most beautiful parts of the City & having in the centre the Column composed of the cannon taken by Napoleon in his different campaigns in Austria & surmounted by a statue of himself, placed there on the anniversary of the last Revolution, with considerable pomp.

Yesterday morning Lady Lyndhurst called for me, after my French lefson, to accompany her to the celebrated Herbault's and Galignani's; the former proved a most amusing visit. A supreme reign in the fashionable world for many years has given the former all the dignity becoming so considerable a personage. He carried us into his boudoir, lined with glafses, where he interdicted to her ladyship certain colours most emphatically, saying it would never do for him to flatter, as the consequences would be so serious, & after arranging to his satisfaction all the preliminaries of a turban, turning to me, he expostulated most seriously on the impropriety of a *Demoiselle* wearing aigrettes, or any thing of the feather kind. However he removed the ban on my pronouncing myself *Madame*—verily for those who, like me, are fond of free

agency, this is a most enviable distinction. But what I enjoyed most was the airs of the Creature! In France young ladies, before being married, or 'till arrived at that age when supposed able to take care of themselves, are watched with the greatest strictnefs, are never allowed to walk out alone, & in company are not expected to take any part in the conversation, & more than a mere monosyllable is thought forward. Galignani's is nothing more than any other book store, but as you are constantly hearing & seeing the name, it is rather satisfactory to have visited the establishment. After this we returned home. Mr A—— received a visit from one of his German friends & we then went to dine at Mr Welles', paid a visit in the Rue de Rivoli & so ends my tale.

Addio.

IX

Paris, Decr 16th, 1833.

I HAVE not written to you, my dearest Mother, for some time, because we have lived so quietly & seen comparatively so little variety, I thought it hardly fair to inflict on you the *humdrums* of every day existence. Brother Ben & his wife left here the [*blank*] of this month for Italy. Their Coupé

is nice & convenient, & they have also the luxury of a faithful Courier; he is the husband of my woman, who proves invaluable to me, & I am sure I am indebted to her for the little French I have picked up. I cannot tell you how much I miſs my former travelling companions. My first few days, in my new abode, were almost insupportable, but I hope gradually to make up my mind to the loſs, & I receive so much kindneſs & attention from Lady L—— I begin to feel as if quite among my friends, & I am sure I can hardly be grateful enough for it—unluckily I have not the power of showing it! Our time, since I last wrote you, has been very quietly employed in walking, riding, seeing my friends &c &c. We have the pleasure of dear Copley's company at breakfast most generally, about nine o'clock; after which, comes our French leſson, walks or rides, & at six dine. Last Tuesday we met at the Rocher, & after our repast, adjourned with Lady L—— to the Cirque Olympique, where I was very much entertained. We were rather too late to see the exercises of the horses which come first, & which, I dare say, I should prefer. After this "Le Grand Homme du Siècle" was performed & received vast applause. Napoleon, as you perceive, was the hero, & you will easily conceive the enthusiasm of a French audience, more particularly at a minor theatre; it was crowded, tho' I aſsure you with quite a different claſs from that which you meet at the Operas. The Battle of Waterloo was the termination of the affair. The horses appeared to enjoy the evolu-

tions as much as their riders. Wednesday, Sarah dined with us; a knowing child she is too, & tho' only twelve years of age, she has the manners of a woman of thirty—without the least affectation of being old either. Mallet brought us some beautiful jewelry to see. Thursday, Lady L—— dined with us at our Hotel; I confefs I felt some fears. However things went off very well; our visitors were so pleasant I soon forgot them & the evening we spent at the Theatre.

Friday morn^{g} I walked a good deal in the Tuileries, as I do whenever the weather allows; here we were joined by Count Oberg who accompanied us to the Louvre, a visit I always enjoy most highly. At dinner we had Mr Clempson's company. The next day we met Lady L—— at Véry's, in the Palais Royal, & in the eve^{g} went to the Theatre of the same name. I did not enjoy the play very much. The house was crowded and excefsively warm, & our *loge* not very comfortable; we changed it several times, but could not get out of the reach of the heat. There were several small pieces, but the "Danseuse de Venise" was the only one I saw.

X

Paris, Decr 23d, 1833.

IN future I intend, my dear Mother, writing to you once a week or fortnight, as it may happen, for having now settled down into a regular kind of life, I fear my communications might be rather monotonous, if more frequent. Since my last letter I have had a bad cold, which I attribute to my last expedition to the Theatre; this I somewhat increased the next Sunday. We went with Count Oberg to see the Chapelle Expiatoire, commenced by Louis XVIII & finished by his succeſsor, on the spot where the bodies of Louis & his unfortunate Queen were originally deposited in the Rue d'Anjou. The building is in excellent taste— so solemn & a certain repose which is very appropriate to the scene. Maſs is performed every day. On a slab of black marble, in letters of gold, is the last epistle of Marie Antoinette to her Sister, & opposite, in similar form, the testament of the Monarch. The bodies of these unfortunate sovereigns are of course in St Denis, but in the Chapel are vaults containing two marble tombs. Thence we proceeded to the Bois du Boulogne. Here we left our carriage & walked for a good long hour. It was very pleasant; the day was fine & the number of equipages, pedestrians & equestrians made it very gay. The change from the perfect

stillnefs of the forest to the bustling City was very striking on our return. We dined with Lady L——; the more I see of her the better I like her. To a great deal of talent she unites much originality, & her extreme kindnefs to me is more than I could expect from the nearest relation. My cold has taken such entire pofsefsion of all my faculties I have determined to resign myself quietly to its mercy.

XI

Paris, Decr 26th, 1833.

SINCE my last letter I have been confined to the House by a severe cold, & Mr Amory has also been indisposed with his old complaints — two very unpleasant events. Now I am happy to say, we are both quite well & what is still better, very well contented with our life here. It is very agreeable, & were I surrounded by my friends I should never wish to change it—still I have been fortunate in meeting many here who as far as pofsible supply their place.

One day Sarah enlivened us with her company at dinner. Thursday I was confined to the bed with a sick headache. Lady L——, with her usual kindnefs, came immediately to see

me, bringing me at the same time a beautiful bunch of violets, & the next day repeated her visit—& on Sunday invited me to accompany her the next day, to see the opening of the Chamber of Deputies; perhaps I valued the opportunity the more as only a favoured few can gain admiſsion. I aſsure you it was quite a thing to see—& we accordingly set off in good time, to secure good seats. The Hall very much resembled our Senate Chamber in form & size, & the ceremony is such as I might easily have imagined in a different quarter of the Globe had it not been for the cries of "Vive le Roi!" & "Vive la Reine!" which from time to time were heard.

The speech was very much like those you hear on similar occasions, nor can I say that the pomp & circumstance of royalty quite overcame me. The king & the princes on each side, certainly very much resembled the humbler subjects around —tho' some of the latter appeared certainly even leſs prepoſseſsing than is common. After a morn[g] which on many accounts I found tedious, we went to the Café de Paris to dine with M[r's] Lowell, Pouſsin & Count Oberg—the two former are on the point of undertaking a tremendous journey. M[r] P—— goes *only* as far as Persia, but the former, absolutely round the world—whether he ever accomplish his design is, I think, very certainly, doubtful. I confeſs I wished to join the party as far as Constantinople; perhaps it is fortunate it takes two to make a bargain. To be sure they will be in those warm climates in summer, which even to me would be a serious

objection—but I always had a desire to see a little of the East.

Yesterday was pafsed very quietly, tho' in the morn^{g} I drove about a good deal—& as my curiosity embraces the low as well as the high places of the Earth, we directed our course to the Marché des Innocents, & I afsure you my visit was very satisfactory. Such an afsemblage of every thing, such bustle, such animation & the women—who put you most strongly in mind of their predeceſsors of the Faubourg St Antoine, who were so dreadfully active in the time of Robespierre—seem a distinct race of beings. I never beheld such a stout, robust look as they have. Then too, there is the Fountain, which, as our footman told us, had furnished wine at the Coronation of Napoleon. It is also the spot where Henri IV was afsafsinated. A monument surmounted by the tri-coloured flag commemorates the heroes, as they are called, of the last Revolution who fell at this spot. The name of the Market is derived from a Convent, of which it was formerly the site.

I am reading "L'Hermite de la Chaufsée d'Antin," & a most excellent book it is too, to read on the spot. My woman, like all of her nation, can explain to me the different allusions, & afterwards I visit the place, & this way become familiar with much I might otherwise pafs over.

Christmas day I was engaged to dine with Lady Lyndhurst. In the morning I received a message, it must be at her Hotel, as she expected Lord Lyndhurst, but about five o'clock comes to say he has arrived & wished us to go to the Rocher du

Cancale, and moreover, that he was very curious to see me. This certainly did not make my heart beat lefs at the thought of the interview; however, I determined to put a bold face on the matter, & in this state of mind, found myself shaking hands with your brother. Of course my imagination had played me the usual trick & I discovered he was entirely different from the picture I had drawn in my mind, yet how I cannot tell; I can only say it was so. In the first place he seemed older—and perhaps from having *heard* so much of the dignity of his manners, not so imposing. He wears a wig, is rather stout & as different from you as pofsible. He received me extremely cordially as well as Mr Amory—of course asked after you with a great deal of interest—& thought I resembled you very much & added you were very pretty. Perhaps I should not put this in the same connection—but one need only come to Europe to see what flattery means & how common it is with every one; of course this teaches you to give it its due weight. The conversation of course, turned on America. I do not know how it happens, but I am really quite patriotic—in fact the state of morals here is decidedly so much lower, you cannot but acknowledge its superiority—perhaps in things in which it does not exist.

After dinner we went to M. Comte's Theatre which none of us, however, enjoyed—it is certainly the lowest of the minor ones at which I have as yet been, & the *jeunes élèves* do not as yet promise any great things. The play of " Le Peau

du Singe" was miserable & the ape, tho' very disgusting a personage, was certainly the best performed. For the jugglery I was too late, & on their beginning to darken it for the Phantasmagoria, we all very gladly took our departure — I, for one, somewhat fatigued with the excitement of the day, tho' pleased with the way in which I had spent it.

XII

Paris, Jany 18th, 1834.

MY experiences, Dear Mother, since my last, have not been very amusing for you, I fear. Wednesday, you know, we dined at the Rocher; the next few days numerous visits were made by both parties, in one of which I asked for letters for the different Countries, which Lord L—— promised to furnish me.

Tuesday they dined with us at the Rocher, after which we adjourned to their Hotel for tea, & remained 'till they were ready to go to a Ball—most beautifully Lady L—— looked too. The next was New Year's Day, of which the Parisians make a great deal; tho' my French Master told me that many dread its approach from the demands it makes on their purse.

Every one gives & receives presents from all the world; the shops too, at this season, are filled with the most beautiful things. I cannot give you any idea of them, nor of the temptation to which the most prudent are exposed; one thing so cheap, another so pretty & a third so useful! The day brought to me as to others its offering: at breakfast, our man enters & presents me with a beautiful collection of flowers, after which Mr Ward called & gave me a very pretty little affair for cards, notes & writing materials—the whole very convenient. To these I must add a buckle from Lady L—— with a serpent winding over it with a diamond head & ruby eyes; from Lord L—— a white satin dress, a sort of imitation of lace for the ground & then roses &^{c} on it.

I felt quite *mortified* I assure you—particularly as I had made my own poor offerings; which fast retreated into the shade before those I received; however I dined with the donors at the Café de Paris—& as I knew my uncomfortable feelings were all from pride I tried to get over them as fast as possible. At the same time I felt very grateful for the attention. Thursday Lord L—— called & carried me to the Théâtre Français; where I saw the new piece of "Bertrand et Raton," which has been so much admired. I enjoyed it highly; I prefer this infinitely to any of the other houses, both from the acting, & the audience is far more select.

The next eve^{g} I drank tea with Lady L——, & saw her dressed for Court—she indeed looked magnificently—her

attire & her diamonds were to me dazzling, to say nothing of her own personal beauty, which is certainly very great. Unlike most people the oftener you see her the more it strikes; it is a beauty of animation & expreſsion—her manners poſseſs the same characteristic. We went afterwards with Sarah to the Opéra Comique, & were very well amused with the "Rendezvous Bourgeois." Saturday I stayed quietly at home, resisting the temptation to a Masqued Ball at the Opera, & the next day Sarah dined with us. In the morn^{g} we took a drive to the Bois de Vincennes. The weather was unfavourable for such an expedition, but in summer, filled with people & its trees covered with leaves, it must be very pleasant. The Chateau is old & looks imposing, with its walls, towers &^{c}, to say nothing of the thousand aſsociations to which the first sight of a *drawbridge* gives rise. It is now used for prisoners of State, before being convicted; Prince Polignac was confined there.

Lord L—— called Tuesday eve^{g} to take leave of me before his return. Lady L—— concluded a few days previous to remain—she was then suffering with a cold.

The next day Count Oberg introduced Baron Porbeck to us. As yet the medium of a foreign language is not very convenient to me as I experienced the next day, on dining at M^{dme} Rouſseau's, an old lady of eighty odd. You would never have imagined her age from her manners, full of life & conversation. I was the only lady besides herself— I confeſs I had better succeſs than I feared.

The next day we dined with Mr Welles — he has been very attentive to me — & very kindly offered to introduce me into French society — at the same time telling me it was not what he would do for many.

Adieu.

PS. On reading my letter over I could not help saying how ungrateful I am. I have an account of all my presents, except those from Mr A.!—a lefson that it is of no use to make many, else they will be thought matters of course — after this preamble you must try to *gueſs* them.

XIII

Paris, Jany 22^d^, 1834.

HOW little, my dearest Mother, I imagined, when I closed my last thoughtlefs letter, the sad subject that would occupy my next — so it is joy & sorrow follow one another in quick succefsion!

Poor Lady Lyndhurst! She is dead & Oh! how suddenly — how unexpectedly; cut off in the midst of life and beauty — what a moral on their vanity!

The shock you can hardly imagine. To me it was as great as if she had been in perfect health; but to give you the particulars I must go back. You remember my speaking of seeing her ready for presentation at Court— that night she took a slight cold, but on Sunday was able to dine out, but probably increased it, & on Monday was confined to her room tho' without being very ill & Lord L——left on Tuesday. A violent headache seemed her principal complaint, but on Saturday, Mr Amory saw her lying on the sofa in the parlour, & looking, as he told me at the time, pretty well. She would have seen me that day had I called, but for some trifling reason I postponed my visit to the next, thinking she would then be better. At present I can hardly get over not having availed myself of this opportunity of seeing for the last time a person from whom I had rec^{d} so many proofs of kindnefs. I have felt extremely unhappy about it — but, unluckily, the past cannot be recalled.

The next day on my calling, I was told she was worse, suffering from difficulty of breathing, so much so as to be unable to lie & constantly calling out for air; the physicians attributed it to the lungs being affected & ordered bleedings &^{c}. However, on Louis being consulted, he said it was spasmodic. All this time, however, she was not thought in danger at all & when we called there on Wednesday, for Dufsy to walk with us, we were told she had pafsed a more comfortable night & they hoped was a little better. We accordingly set

out on our walk & saying we trusted Lady L—— would soon be well. A little while after leaving Sarah at home, Mr Amory returned to dinner—think of our shock on being told by the servant, who brought a note, that she was dead! I never shall forget it— it is too dreadful to dwell on! The immediate cause of her decease was a premature confinement & her death was excefsively distrefsing. The medical men seem hardly to know what to attribute her illnefs to, or rather not to have understood it.

Sarah came to us the same night in great distrefs, & intelligence of this melancholy event was immediately dispatched, expref, to Lord Lyndhurst, who in consequence reached here Monday morn^g^, when Sarah went to spend the day with him. She, poor child, has been suffering with a bad cold & I have feared would be ill.

Copley was constantly with her during her illnefs, & the very morn^g^ she died she thanked him for all his attention & said she felt so much better she thought she was going to recover. However, during all her illnefs she felt sure it was to be her last, & her presentiment proved but too true. There is something so melancholy in dying away from home, at a distance from all one's friends! but in the present case nothing that kindnefs or attention could do was spared. I had a melancholy visit this morn^g^ from Lord L——, an interview I afsure you, I dreaded. He left today with Sarah for London. He concluded to transport the remains to England; certainly the most

agreeable conclusion for the feelings, notwithstanding all that may be urged to the contrary.

I went this morn^{g} to take a ride. I never felt any thing more delightful than the weather; it was as soft & mild as posſible, & after being at home for so many days the air was exceedingly refreshing. I was very much surprised to see trees in full blosſom in the garden of the Hôtel des Invalides! We then stopped to see a bust of Lady L——. The upper part of the face I liked, but for the rest, it did no justice to the original. I have long since come to the conclusion that a poor likeneſs of a friend is worse than none.

Adieu.

XIV

Paris, Feby 1st, 1834.

SINCE my last letter we have concluded to accompany Copley to Italy. Our previous plan to proceed first to Brussels & then North, was, on many accounts, the most advantageous, but we were induced to abandon it for the sake of his company. I fear I must now give up a very favourite idea of mine of visiting St. Petersburg—but our decision is, I hope, for the best. I have been very busy in preparing for the journey,

& have besides been sitting for my miniature & instead of the usual time, an hour, have been obliged to devote half a day to it; a task to me so disagreeable that nothing but the persuasions of my friends should induce me to undertake it. However, as it promises to be a good likenefs I am repaid for my complaisance. It is painted by Daubigny, the artist who took the good portrait of Copley; it is also for him.

The greatest trial I have in leaving Paris is parting with my woman, who, in every way, has proved invaluable to me, & to whom I am indebted for the little French I have acquired. I found it an excellent plan to make her read aloud to me, by which means my ear became much sooner accustomed to the sound of the language. Should I enter into a detail of what I found necefsary for the journey you would really be fatigued, but we thought it better to provide every thing in Paris we should probably want, as on every account the most convenient. Our *Calèche* is considered very strong & good, & furnished with every convenience &, what a lady thinks most important, has plenty of room for drefses, bonnets, & the other paraphernalia of the female toilette. The shopping, visiting, &c,—you can imagine all this better than I describe.

Being the last day I shall spend in Paris for some time, I took a carriage very early to visit several things which the weather, or circumstances, had induced me to omit. The cool, clear air was very enlivening & we soon reached Père La Chaise. The view of Paris, with its thousand Towers, is unrivalled, as

you see it spread out around you from the Chapel of the Cemetery. In the extent I was quite surprised, but on the whole, in the monuments themselves, or in the general appearance, I fear I must confeſs myself the least in the world disappointed; every thing seemed so crowded together as if hardly room were allowed to the silent tenants to rest in peace. Now & then the simplicity of the monuments or their inscriptions were quite touching. That to the memory of Abélard & Héloïse, near the entrance, on the right, & those of Molière, La Fontaine, M^dme^ Cottin &^c^ were to me the most interesting, tho' far more stately ones mark the spot where repose several of the Marshals of France. The monument to the Counteſs [Demidoff] is considered the most splendid in workmanship & material. It is of pure marble & was all brought from Rome. But what I thought most pleasant to the feelings was the quantity of natural flowers, arranged in one case in a sort of green-house over the tomb, protected from the cold & in the nicest order. Even at that early hour there were many people straggling about, most of whom carried wreaths of natural or artificial flowers. I confeſs seeing the stands near the entrance of the Cemetery, filled with these, ready for sale, destroyed much of the agreeable aſsociation to me.

We rode home by the Halle au Blé, an enormous building of a semicircular form of which the Cupola is only thirteen feet leſs than that of the Pantheon at Rome. The Hôtel de Cluny which we next visited, contains a curious collection of antiqui-

ties, which strangers are allowed to visit every Friday, consisting of antique furniture of every description, pictures, armour &c, arranged with a good deal of skill in a suite of rooms, so that you see every thing in its proper place; the Chapel, which is not yet quite finished, is perhaps the most interesting. Altogether, I think it is one of the most curious exhibitions I have seen—every knife, cup & spoon undoubtedly had its legend, but I was quite satisfied with smiling at the oddity of some & admiring the workmanship of others; indeed the carving on some of the old oak *armoires* was really exquisite. The Hôtel itself is a relic of the past, being occupied by the daughter of Charlemagne, & we were shown the tower in which the lovesick damsel was confined. The Pantheon, which I saw today for the first time, is a magnificent building, inscribed "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaiſsante." After a few visits, & among others to Mdme Reybert, we returned home to conclude the important buſineſs of packing which was long & weary, & for which I must now bid you *adieu*.

XV

Marseilles, Feby 9th, 1834.

SINCE I last wrote, we have wandered still further from you. We have travelled too fast, however. I have found no time for tracing our progrefs to you till this moment. To return to Paris—which we left on the morn^{g} of the 2^{d}. Our parting with our faithful domestics, Joseph & Caroline, you will imagine quite affecting & we drove out of the gay & brilliant Metropolis saddened in spirit. All we had enjoyed, as well as the contrary & darker side of the picture, stood forth in bold relief. Since we entered, we seemed to have lived an age, such a succefsion of scenes & events, so new, so gay, & so entirely unexpected, had crowded upon us & the constant whirl of new engagements & objects had almost bewildered my mind; but instead of dwelling on the past & analyzing our impreſsions, let us return to our journey. The weather the few days previous to our leaving Paris had been quite cold, especially in comparison to the preceding. Accordingly we made up our mind to suffer some inconvenience, & at the same time filled our carriage with cloaks, blankets, *chaufferettes* & similar appliances; but the sun shone bright & warm & we found ourselves perfectly comfortable, while the motion, the open country & change of scene drove every thing like dark care away.

We reached Fontainebleau about dark, seven posts from Paris—a good warm fire & a snug supper soon made us feel quite at home. Our only regrets were that we could not visit the Château, the favourite residence of so many sovereigns & especially of Napoleon, who spent much time here & embellished it in every way, & finally it witnessed his act of abdication. The table on which he cut with his pen knife, when in deep thought, is now the great lion of the whole. The forest is extensive & magnificent. As we left in the grey of the morn^{g} we could see but little of the town itself. We proceeded about 14 posts, sleeping at Auxerre, & the next eve^{g} arrived at Maçon, passing thro' the considerable town of Chalon-sur-Saône, & Wednesday dined at the great & busy City of Lyons—our journey thus far being entirely without fatigue. Antonio, our courier, apparently a man far beyond threescore y^{rs} & ten, saved us all trouble & care, attending to every thing & anticipating all our wants. Part of Lyons is fine & striking, possessing a venerable appearance & boasting some pretty squares & handsome buildings. In the museum is a very curious Altar.

We had intended taking the boat from Lyons on the Rhone, but finding ourselves too late we left the next morn^{g} at an early hour in our carriage. Notwithstanding the unfavourable season, much of the scenery afforded us pleasure & after leaving Lyons gave us promise of the approaching Spring; while the appearance of the Country bespeaks a more southerly

Clime as well as the look of the people themselves,—the eyes & complexion darker, the dreſs of the peasantry more picturesque, large straw hats & a cloak or mantle almost universal. The Country is hilly & in parts extremely so. Imagine our disappointment when a sudden jerk proclaimed our broken spring & on examination we found the work of destruction so far progreſsed that the vehicle was really good for nothing. To proceed in this dilapidated condition was impoſsible & notwithstanding our impatience we were obliged to alight & wait six or seven h^rs^ while it was repaired. A woman came out of her cottage & invited us to enter & her politeneſs & even grace of manner would not have disgraced a palace. We accepted her hospitality & staid some time in her house which was small & poor. Her children were all busily employed, the eldest girl making black lace — she herself knitting — they all looked so cheerful & bright — offered us grapes & we carried on as much conversation as my knowledge of the *patois* would allow — this however, was not great. On asking my country she seemed perfectly amazed at our wandering so far from home & still more that an American could have so light a complexion.

After paſsing the weary h^rs^ as we could & beguiling the time with a very respectable repast at the little Inn, we left Péage-de-Roufsillon, as the village is called, & proceeded all night on our forward route; to me somewhat an exercise of patience, I confeſs, for I had not yet made such proficiency

in travelling as to prefer the carriage to a downy Couch. About 3 the next day we reached the romantic Avignon, around which so many poetic afsociations cling — having paſsed thro' a beautiful Country covered with vineyards & abounding in picturesque scenery. At Orange we saw a remnant of the past in the "Arc de Marius," as it is called, supposed to have been built by the Gauls, & an uncommonly fine monument of their skill & power. It is supported by columns & ornamented with carving.

The soil of this part of France is composed of limestone, which gives the Country a white, dusty look. It is highly cultivated & thickly settled; every thing looked flourishing & *smiling*. We had delightful weather which embellished every object. Think of the disappointment of being in Avignon & not daring to spare the time neceſsary to visit the Fountain of Vaucluse & the spot immortalized by the memory of Laura & Petrarch! An old Cathedral with the Bishop's Palace on the other side of the Rhône, have a fine effect. Being so near the first turn of our journey, we determined to proceed immediately towards Marseilles, expecting to reach it the next morn^{g} to breakfast, but about midnight our courier was taken alarmingly ill & we were obliged to stop at Aix after being seriously alarmed, for we were at some distance from any Inn — however we had hastened on. The next morn^{g}, thanks to Mr Amory's skill, he was able to proceed. The valley previous to your entrance into Marseilles, is magnificent, over-

looking the City into which you gradually descend; the blue waters of the Mediterranean on one side, & the M^ts^ on the other; this, rich with all the produce of the South, olives, vines, dates, figs, oranges & even the sugar cane. After breakfasting at the Hôtel de Beauveau we proceeded to walk about the town which contains considerably more than an 100,000 inhabitants. I think I was never more unpleasantly impreſsed with any place; dirty, ill built & the appearance of the people extremely low. In fact it is not difficult to imagine it—what it really was — the scene of some of the most tragical catastrophes of the old Revolution. The Bourse is much praised by the guides, but I confeſs its charms were lost on me.

We very willingly embarked the next morn^g^ in the steamboat Sully for Genoa, & if our patience held out so long, Naples. We were told it was an excellent plan to go immediately by water from Marseilles to that City, as you were more struck by the strong contrast & the national peculiarities of the Italians, as seen in that motley Capital. But here let me obtrude my reflections. Never take a water paſsage where a land route is practicable—as you lose the country, cannot enjoy yourself, & are perfectly uncomfortable. Especially from Marseilles to Genoa is some of the finest scenery in the world, as we discovered at a later period. Another thing which my experience would induce me to avoid in future, is *hurried* travelling—such as we had performed from Paris for the sake of being on time for the Boat. You are obliged to omit perhaps

the very objects you would rather see—are fatigued & what you pafs & observe is sooner forgotten. Meanwhile imagine us getting out of the harbour which is magnificent. The Lazaretto, near which you sail, is one of the largest in Europe & an unmercifully long quarantine is performed on some of the Islands in the vicinity. Our boat contained about fifteen passengers, among which we recognized our former companions Mefs^{r} Post & Donnell & several other Americans. A little German Jew who spoke all languages & was himself an odd compound of every variety, afforded much amusement. The view of the shore as you sail by is magnificent, bold, rocky & precipitous in parts, while in others hills rise from the water's edge covered with plantations of olives & almost throughout its whole extent it is studded with villages & cities. The road built by Napoleon, in parts thro' the solid rock, is distinctly visible, like a thin white line; on the other side various rocky Islands rise above the water & warn the mariner of their vicinity. A fine, clear, warm day enabled us to enjoy all this in perfection. The steamboat was extremely ordinary—small & dirty—our progrefs very slow—in fact we made a mistake in not engaging our pafsages on the François Premier, which sailed the same day & had far better accommodations; but at the best of times they will bear no sort of competition with our noble steamers—meanly fitted up & without any of the advantages of ours such as upper decks &^{c}. They are, I believe, however, usually good seaboats & certainly more carefully

guided than our own—indeed they carry prudence to an unpleasant extent. We reached Genoa the next Eveg at 7 o'clock, too late to see the approach to the City or to be allowed to enter. We were unfortunate too in running down a boat & drowning one out of two of the men.

The next morng we landed in Italy! to me literally the land of promise, or rather of hope, for many a day! How strange, how different every thing looked—was it posfible so short a sail could have produced such a metamorphosis in every thing—in language, sky & people! This was what always struck me most forcibly, that in stepping over a boundary—a mere imaginary line, in most cases—the scene could so suddenly change; & this is more particularly the case with Americans, who, isolated from all other sections & kindreds, hardly know whether different ones really exist. We did not have the advantage of seeing the City at a distance & gradually approaching which must be the most favourable position for viewing its situation. Seated as it is on an eminence & gradually sloping down to the water, having in fact the form of an extensive amphitheatre, the beauty of the whole is farther heightened by a fine background of Mts. A crowd of custom house officers, looking like a lot of vagabonds, & the still more wretched mob of porters, beggars & children who crowded around, almost deafened us by their demands & eagernefs. A small *douceur* appeased the former, while the latter accompanied us to the very entrance of the Hotel. The streets, if so they could be called, thro' which

we pafsed, were so excefsively narrow & the houses of such a tremendous height, that I could not imagine myself in the open air, while the odour of cheese, garlic & various other fragrant viands conspired to my doubts. The number of shops or stalls on the sidewalk, or rather, as sidewalk there is none except in some of the finer streets, before the houses is astonishing & most of the businefs of many of the towns seems to be in provisions. There are many streets, or rather lanes in Genoa too narrow to admit your holding an umbrella & which renders pafsing somewhat inconvenient.

The Hôtel de Londres at which we lodged, looks out on the Quay & has accordingly a fine view—the terraces from most of the backs of the houses are beautifully ornamented by pots of flowers & shrubs. Here of a summer's eve^{g} they enjoy the breeze as it comes over the water & admire the scene around. But if the exterior of the buildings surprised, you must not imagine there was no change in the interior—immense rooms of great height & often arched—the walls of white plaster adorned with frescoes, & the furniture of different form & fashion all afforded subject of speculation. Most of the Hotels were formerly palaces occupied by the Italian Nobility & have been transformed to their present purpose with slight alteration, & consequently they have a certain wild look arising from the spacious corridors & ante-rooms which being of no use, are stript of furniture & ornament in a great measure. The climate, too, is such as to render the present style of building

the most appropriate, & the marble or stone floors must be as refreshing in summer as they are cold in winter.

And now I began to wish to put my Italian in requisition & commenced very stoutly calling for "*pane arrostito*" & such like difficult phrases—but studying a language & even writing & reading is not speaking it, as dull experience will teach, & until we pursue the study of modern tongues on a different principle we shall find when we reach Europe we have taken a step, but the grand difficulty is still to be conquered. The pleasure of reading a foreign language will always more than compensate for any trouble, but it certainly is desirable to unite the two. A foreigner in Italy, to be sure, is not thrown on his own resources, unluckily for his progrefs—the waiters in the Hotels, the shopkeepers, postmasters &c, as well as the better educated clafses all speak French more or lefs, at all events sufficiently for their intercourse with foreigners & accordingly they acquire it with this end & aim. Now unlefs you speak their language better than they do the neutral one, you will not be apt to choose it as your medium.

Instead of regretting having thrown away so much of my time as some of my friends used to call it, on this study, I only wish I had followed it more constantly and perseveringly—as well as French. I longed to know still more of their literature & to be better versed in the history, & made many a sage resolution against any time of leisure which should offer.

After getting to rights, as the expreſsive phrase has it, we

departed on a voyage of discovery & visited many of the palaces & churches—the two great objects in Italian Cities, as they usually monopolize all that is valuable & costly. Genoa well deserves the proud epithet of "La Superba" as well from the lovelinefs of its site as from the extent & magnificence of its marble Palaces, rich with every architectural ornament, adorned with delightful terraces & gardens & containing treasures of painting. La Strada Nuova is truly magnificent, lined with these splendid edifices & neatly paved with large smooth flag stones. In the Palazzo Reale, among other fine pictures, is the *chef d'œuvre* of Paolo Veronese, one of the most esteemed in existence, the Magdalene anointing our Saviour's feet in the house of the Pharisee. The Palace of the late Queen is beautifully furnished; but for pictures, we saw some magnificent ones in the Durazzo & Brignole Galleries; in the former Titian's famous Magdalene—but should I enumerate all, you would be indeed weary of listening. We entered another Palace to wonder & exclaim at the magnificence of a hall adorned with gilding & mirrors which cost I don't know how many millions.

Besides several other Palaces, we went to the Churches of San' Siro, L'Annunziata & Sant' Ambrogio; the first I most admired, almost entirely constructed of marble. The new theatre of Carlo Felice is a large & beautiful building. We regretted it was closed, but it was the season of Lent during which public & even private amusements cease in Italy. We

then pafsed thro' the Exchange where no great marks of businefs were visible. The Atmosphere was as clear & transparent as pofsible, tho' the air was cool. The attire of the women, or rather the head-drefs, is very picturesque—a long white or black veil. I afsure you, it shaded many a pretty face & gave something like interest to a plain one & is a most happy substitute for a bonnet, that modern & ungraceful invention. From the narrownefs of the streets & the height of the houses very little sun reaches the pafsenger & accordingly the veil is convenient as well as elegant.

Our poor, miserable carriage on which we prided ourselves so highly having deceived us, we came to the conclusion we had nothing to do but to sell it as speedily as pofsible. Accordingly we parted with it for 700 francs having paid about 3000 a month before in Paris. A gentleman, who had just had an excellent *Calèche* built for him in Milan, was willing to part with it & accordingly we took a drive in the environs to see how it suited us; we found it so agreeable & desirable in every way we determined to take it. Our drive was very agreeable; pafsing thro' the different streets we proceeded to a fine square in the upper part of the town, a favourite resort of the Genoese & commanding a fine view of the water, the m^{ts} & the City. We then visited the Doge's Palace, in which there is a very beautiful Hall, & the Cathedral, containing a superb Chapel by Canova—thence we ascended to the Alms-House, finely situated without the walls & having in front an extensive garden

— here again we enjoyed a fine view of the harbour with its shipping.

Mr Campbell, to whom we had letters, called upon us and invited us to dinner, which we accepted for the next day. He mentioned a curious fact relating to busineſs; viz. there are neither Banks nor discounts for trade, you can only use just as much money as you can lay down—an inconvenient custom for speculators! The political state is not leſs cramped; for the King was so enraged with a piece in Galignani's paper, calling him "a petty tyrant," that he prohibited it forthwith throughout his dominions,—& not long since he seized eight of his nobles, sent them to Alexandria in close confinement for several months, without their even knowing of what they were accused, & at last without any explanation liberated them, on condition they would retire to their estates in the Country & would promise to appear when summoned. So much for his Majesty of Sardinia! Genoa numbers within its territory four & a half millions of inhabitants & a standing army, under arms, of 20,000 with a promise of raising 60,000 in three weeks & 80,000 in three months; of the rest about one fifth are priests.

XVI

Pisa, Feby 20th, 1834.

WE left Genoa on Monday the 7th after pafsing more than four days there. Our visit was longer than we expected on account of being detained by the necefsity of selling our unlucky carriage & buying & arranging another; not a very satisfactory employment either, but we were fortunate as the matter stood, to find one a *gentleman* had for sale. The few necefsary arrangements for the new one, however, were difficult enough to have done & we almost despaired of accomplishing them; for Genoa, we found, was more famous for its palaces & pictures than its workpeople, — the more I saw, however, the better I liked & admired it. The last day or two were cold, rainy & gloomy; the hills which enclose the City on one side, render the climate in winter comparatively severe.

While busily engaged writing home on Friday, I was much startled by a slight earthquake; it lasted, however, but two seconds,—quite long enough it seemed too. We amused ourselves with walking about & getting acquainted with the town & its situation which can only be admired sufficiently when seen & enjoyed. I must confefs ourselves much struck with the neatnefs of its streets & the industrious look of the people; but perhaps from what you hear of the misery & desolation of

every thing & town in Italy you are the more agreeably surprised. Saturday we dined with M[r] Campbell, the American Consul. He occupies the *premier* of one of the beautiful old Genoa Palaces; the spacious & lofty Halls, opening on terraces adorned with orange & lemon trees, are princely. The whole establishment was tastefully fitted up & arranged.

We were ready the next afternoon to bid adieu to Genoa *la superba*. The weather was gloomy & threatening. Our road lay thro' the most magnificent scenery imaginable, along the Mediterranean shores, sometimes hewn out of the solid rock & often by the brink of formidable precipices; at other times the eye wandered over extensive m[ts] or hills covered with the olive & vine while the valleys beneath displayed the rich foliage of orange & lemon trees. All this, intermingled with the gorgeous villas of the nobility, gayly painted in various colours & designs, with the simpler cottages of the poor, & enlivened with troupes of people, men, women & children, all employed without, rendered it captivating to us Northerners accustomed to more severe and lefs picturesque scenes. We could not but wish to repafs later in the season, when every thing would afsume greater luxuriance & brilliancy. Olives appear the principal production in this vicinity, with which the hills, tho' sometimes bare & rugged, are usually covered to their summit, & are cut into terraces having precisely the effect of a continued flight of steps. We slept at Chiavari, 6 & ¼ posts from Genoa, a neat town of considerable size. Early the next

morn^{g} we were again on our way & found the scenery more wild & precipitous. The road paſsing over the Bracco, one of the loftiest points of the Apennines, is excellent; very smooth, winding backwards & forwards around the m^{t} to avoid a too sudden descent, & seeming very odd as you look below, & see its various windings & the objects ascending and descending. Perhaps a few more parapet walls would give it the appearance of greater security, tho' not probably absolutely necessary for safety. We paſsed thro' several grottoes hewn out of the solid rock. As you go thro' these subterranean paſsages, the damp chill & hollow echo make you feel as if in the very bowels of the earth; the rocks above are arched & plastered & the whole work of the most durable kind poſsible. Our whole day was thus spent toiling up & rapidly descending the m^{ts} with the occasional variety of luxuriant plains, in which the cultivation & care bestowed by the labourers are equally conspicuous. The Peasantry are a fine, hardy race, with some of the most piercing black eyes in the world.

Sarzana was our second day's journey, and a good long one it was too! 10 & ¼ posts; having paſsed thro' the pretty town of Spezia & caught a glimpse of its glorious bay. Several old towns, perched on the loftiest & most inacceſsible peaks, & overlooking, in all the proudneſs of place, the humbler valleys beneath, carried back the imagination to those days of chivalry & romance when the feudal castle was the rock of defence to thousands of the poor, defenceleſs peasants. After all, aſso-

ciations go a great way—they embellish & gild what alone would be poor & mean in the extreme. After having arrived at the Hotel & dined as luxuriantly as the wayfaring can expect, we were amused by a visit from a peasant girl in her fête attire; most strange & gaudy it was too! the little atom of a straw hat, with its bunch of flowers, tipped on one side of the head, over the bright crimson silk net—a trig jacket ornamented with flaming topknots & the petticoats of various colours formed as picturesque a combination as heart could desire—nor did, I ween, the heart beat lefs highly under the cloth bodice, when dancing beneath the vine & the olive, than that of the high-born Italian Principefsa. Her eyes flashed & sparkled with very much the same vanity as we admired & examined her holiday attire.

Our experience of Italian Inns thus far was not discouraging—the coarse stone or brick floors were generally covered with a thick matting—the chimneys, much in the style of that in our old kitchen, sent forth a cheerful blaze, when the wood, usually the stumps of the olive, was once dried. The fare was such as, though I then thought it very poor, a little habit makes palatable; but the waiters are usually civil & attentive in the extreme & the "*Eccelenza sì*" which seasons most of their replies is very agreeable to those to whom the modest little "ma'am" is almost unknown in their own land. I confefs seeing men officiate in making the beds &c at first somewhat amused me—but even this wore off in time. In France the

women are the sole actors, & seem in every sphere to do every thing & that well too—while in Italy the scene is reversed & busineſs of every sort & description, in all claſses, is in the hands of the Lords of Creation.

The next morn^{g} we were again on our way betimes & paſsing thro' Avenza, went to Carrara, literally the town of sculptors, where every house is a studio. A beautiful spot it is too & deserving to be the birthplace of artists — we visited many of the latter as well as the Academy. The studios contain a good deal of fine statuary, & ornamental furniture. Of course Rome is the great school to which an artist of skill removes as soon as he can, but most have commenced & made great progreſs in their art at Carrara. The quarries, whence this brilliant marble is brought, next claimed our attention & we scrambled thro' the narrow valley which leads to them with some trouble. There we found the busineſs of excavation progreſsing & large blocks of the beautiful stone transporting in carts to be expedited by water, to all parts of Italy. No railroad has yet been constructed to carry it from the quarries into the town, tho' the people seemed fully aware of the use it would be; but on the Continent nothing is done by individual exertion, & tho' the people complain bitterly the Government will not do it, they never think of undertaking it themselves. After seeing all this, we departed with some difficulty for the maſs of beggars who beset you. A not leſs troublesome claſs who annoy you with urging you to buy all

sorts of trash, for which you have no desire, absolutely haunt & torment the unlucky traveller who stops at a place so much visited. Like a set of harpies they are on the alert for whoever comes & pounce on him as their lawful prey.

Thro' Mafsa & Lucca we reached Pisa, after a journey of about the same length as the preceding day. Here we found ourselves at an excellent Hotel & as a neceſsary consequence immediately made ourselves perfectly comfortable & at home; for if travelling teaches you to put up patiently with its various ills, especially that of poor taverns, so on the other hand, it teaches you to value comfort as highly as it deserves. A really fine Italian Hotel, in my opinion, is as good as can possibly be found under the sun. After dinner we set out to visit the famous Tower by moonlight — & a brilliant eve^{g} it was! the air as mild & soft as poſsible. At the first glance I was a little disappointed in the inclination, but on examination, perceived it more plainly. The whole square, however, at this witching hour was perfect—the Cathedral, with its tower (a distinct building as is very common in Italy), the Baptistery, another edifice, & the Campo Santo, all sufficiently distant from one another to stand forth each vividly & distinctly, & yet sufficiently near to form a whole—the strong light & shadows of a full moon softening & perfecting the scene — in short you must visit it under the same advantages & then you will not want my description.

This morn^{g} we repeated our visit & examined the various

buildings more minutely. I am not, however, going to weary you or myself with the length, breadth or height. The Cathedral, with the exception of that at Milan, is said to be the finest in Italy, is large & composed of various kinds of rich marbles; the pillars, of black & white alternate, are very numerous, the Altars & the interior consist of lapis lazuli, porphyry, oriental granites, brocatello & all sorts of precious marbles — but now as I am beginning with churches, I must premise that you stretch your imagination to the very uttermost. You must dwell on all sorts of riches & treasures, of precious stones, of the rarest paintings & most elaborate sculpture & still you will find it very difficult to form any idea of the mafs of riches with which they are loaded. Usually all simplicity & grandeur is sacrificed to the adventitious ornaments. Among the various pictures is a very ancient one on the ceiling, by the Master of Michael Angelo & a curious ancient mosaic.

The falling Tower, a few steps from the Cathedral, is a light, elegant structure, built expreſsly for the bells & is eight stories high & adorned with an enormous number of beautiful columns, some of which are supposed to be antique. After some fatigue we ascended to the top of this, whence we enjoyed a very lovely & extensive prospect, to which the clearneſs of the atmosphere, of the deepest shade of azure, much contributed. It seems there are various conjectures as to the cause of the inclination of this building, some arguing it was so constructed purposely; others suppose an earthquake, or

some other natural cause, produced its singular inclination; which one would imagine the more probable solution of the problem. The highest story of all leans in the contrary direction.

The Battisterio is another fine building, most richly embellished & containing an altar of exquisite carving in stone. But of the whole the Campo Santo is most admired for its beauty & grandeur & as unique in the world. The origin of the building is thought to be of the days of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. A contemporary Bishop having brought to Pisa a quantity of earth from the Holy Land & deposited it in this spot, it was consecrated as a cemetery for the nobles of Pisa. In the centre is the grafs plot & around this an elegant building, supported by light pillars & arcades; beneath this the bodies were deposited, & many a belted knight, his arms crofsed, reposes in marble above the spot where his mortal remains lie. The walls are covered with curious paintings in fresco of the 13th century, in which the costume of the day is carefully preserved; the hand of time has been busy & many have already disappeared. The building also contains various antique sarcophagi, vases & statuary of various kinds, besides the coats of arms & insignia of the various families buried here. At present, however, it is never used but by expref's permifsion. I cannot describe to you the effect of the whole on the eye or the mind — the solemn silence, the speaking mementoes of the past, the fresh verdure, mocking, as it

were, at frail humanity, with the light elegant structure, all this must be seen to be understood.

The Arno runs nearly thro' the middle of the town, dividing it pretty equally; tho' broader than I expected, its waters are yellow & dingy. The streets are wide & tolerably neat. The spot where Ugolino was confined & starved to death was pointed out to us, & for the industrious sight-seer there are plenty of churches, a theatre, college &c, &c but we conclude we shall confine our visits to objects of interest. The climate of Pisa is considered one of the best in Italy for invalids—the town itself looks dull & decaying, tho' the second in Tuscany for size, & full of interest for the traveller.

XVII

Rome, Sunday, Feby 24th, 1834.

WE left Pisa Thursday morng after having pafsed our time very agreeably there in examining its curiosities. Our road lay thro' a pleasant, tho' not so strongly marked, a Country, as we had previously traversed, but every thing bespoke luxuriance & a rich cultivation, while the appearance of the people is finer, with most intelligent frank expreſsions

of countenance. The first night we slept at Siena, 8 posts from Pisa. It is a large & busy town &, like most in Italy, it boasts a high antiquity & can look back to a more flourishing period than the present; here, too, the Tuscan dialect is said to exist in greater purity than in any other part of Italy. The town stands on a lofty eminence, said to be the crater of an extinct volcano, & as we drove down the next morn^{g}, we could not but admire the extensive view which opens itself on all sides to the traveller; notwithstanding which, the ride is one of the most gloomy in the world, every thing as sterile & barren as poſsible. The ground, naturally mountainous, is toſsed up in the most abrupt & threatening manner & you toil wearily on over barren m^{ts} with scarce a shrub or a house to cheer the prospect. Nothing can be more melancholy than a volcanic country as this evidently has been, tho' its fires are now smothered or extinguished. Radicofani, the usual resting place from Siena for the traveller, situated at the foot of a rock, on which stands the remains of a Castle, once considered impregnable from its solitary & inacceſsible site, struck us as more peculiar than any other spot. We reached Ponte Centino to sleep, on the confines of the Tuscan & Papal Territories & 7 posts from Siena; here our paſsports & baggage were examined, or rather a small *douceur* delivered the latter from inspection. This can hardly be called a town as it contains merely the Custom, Post-house & Inn—the latter too poor for description, & our dinner was furnished from the poultry yard

after our arrival. From the badnefs of the fare we inquired: & Antonio answered, "Oh yes, they were killed on purpose for us for there was literally nothing in the house to eat."

The posting & travelling in the north of Italy is about as good as in France; as you proceed south, however, every thing deteriorates. The Inns become poorer, the number of beggars increases every step, the post-masters & postillions disagreeable, the houses poor & the appearance of the towns & villages wretched—indeed a more rapid or striking change can scarcely be conceived & every step you go you are made sensible of the decreasing pleasure these annoyances effect—the detention, too, for paſsports & *Douanes* is another great & crying evil, & at every town almost, you are obliged to stop for this purpose. The great object of the post-masters is to put on as many horses as poſsible, tho' the number is fixed by law, according to the weight of the baggage, the number of persons & the kind of carriage; but as these little troubles appear greater at the moment than on retrospection, I will carry you onwards to Aquapendente, where we complained of the number of steeds & postillions with which we were favoured. He immediately righted us—that is to say the Director of the Posts, for such an officer there is in the large towns — & said had the postillion not taken the precaution to take off his horse without the town he would have seized him in punishment as complaints on the same score were made every day by travellers.

Aquapendente is in the most picturesque situation on the summit of a steep hill, & taking its name, "Falling Water," from the number of Mountain streams which rush down it. The Country on the borders of the Lake Bolsena is beautiful, but the farther we proceeded in his Holiness' Dominions, the more dirty were the towns; & of the rags & wretched appearance of the people I can give you no description. The crowd of men, women & children who afsembled around our carriage every time we stopped would have been amusing had their appearance not betokened such abject misery.

We reached Monterosi about six, where we had intended to sleep, but the weather was fine, & a full moon cast its brilliant light, so we determined after a slight dinner, to proceed to the "Eternal City" that night. Accordingly dismifsing all our fears of banditti on the dreaded Campagna & mounting Antonio, in his splendid laced Coat & Sword of office, he proceeded to order our horses & prepare rooms in Rome—& so we entered our carriage in great spirits. The wind was unmercifully high & the clouds of dust terrific, so that the hour & the weather both conspired to increase the melancholy which ever broods over the desert wastes of the Roman Campagna—not a tree nor an abode, & scarcely a human being, crofses the path of the traveller to indicate the vicinity of a great City. All seems waste & abandoned to the mouldering ruins which now raise their heads & point to past ages. Malaria, the scourge of this region, broods over this desolate tract & for-

bids any attempt at cultivation. At last, however, the postillion, pointing with his whip, cried out: "*Eccolà San Pietro*" & soon after we found ourselves about midnight entering the imposing Piazza del Popolo. After a slight detention at the Gates, we drove to the *Douane*, where we escaped all trouble by the peace offering of a couple of piastres; thence drove to the Albergo della Gran Bretagna, which we have changed this morn^{g} for that of the "Iles Britanniques," where we find ourselves very comfortably established in a snug little apartment, in which the sun shines very gayly & I am now sitting with all my writing materials before me to note down our experiences. Of our *impreſsions* let us say nothing at present, as our heads are hardly yet settled, after the long journey we have made.

XVIII

Naples, Sunday, March 1st, 1834.

AFTER my last letter we employed ourselves in getting what we called a "general idea" of Rome. Accordingly we hired a *Calèche* & cicerone & set off at an early hour to drive round the City & visit a few of the innumerable objects of interest with which it abounds. Our visits, however,

were so cursory that I shall defer entering into particulars to some future time; suffice it to say, that Rome seems but one vast bed of ruins. Her very palaces rest on broken arches, while the walls rise from the wreck of the past & pieces of rare marbles & granites, from unknown quarries, constantly attract the eye & carry the mind back to its gorgeous Temples & Castles—the Temple of Vesta, Forums, Theatres, Porticoes, Aqueducts, the Baths of Caracalla, of Trajan, of Diocletian, the Palace of the Caesars, the stupendous Colosseum, with an endless list of Fountains, Bridges & other remnants of a former age, were rather passed than seen, & we returned to a late dinner with our minds confused & amazed with all that had presented itself—having also paused at the Grotto of Egeria, the Temple of Bacchus, & seen the mighty St Peter's—if indeed a glance of five minutes could be so translated. All ideas of magnificence & grandeur which I might have formed were effaced from my mind, & I thought I could never be weary of gazing on the Piazza, of which St Peter's itself is the background; with its majestic colonnades sweeping off on either side, its graceful Fountains sparkling in constant motion, with the mysterious Egyptian Obelisk veiled in eternal silence in the centre & its lofty head standing off from the clear, deep, blue sky as you alone see in Italy—and this gives more *effect* to a scene, whatever it may be, than you can well imagine—the deep light & shade & the distinctness of the outline give a life & vividness to the object which in-

creases its beauty tenfold. We had also the same cursory view of some other wonders of the City of which I shall say nothing for the present.

We left Rome for Naples, which we reached Thursday eve^{g}, having for variety tried *vetturino* travelling, a way of moving from place to place most especially Italian. If you have your own carriage, you engage with such an establishment, that you shall be forwarded with so many horses, in such a time, stopping at certain places & houses you prefer, taking such meals, he providing & paying for every thing, so you hear nothing of the matter whatever & he receiving in compensation the sum agreed upon. The first journey we performed in this way, our engagement only included the horses, tho' we afterwards tried it in the true genuine Italian style, which on every account is the most advantageous. Our experiences were these: we were full as well, or better, treated in every respect at the Hotels &^{c}, we got on with far lefs trouble & anxiety & certainly gained on this view of the question—while the objections were the slowneſs with which you must neceſsarily proceed & the tediousneſs of waiting to rest the horses at noon. Now if you are an indolent traveller, with a strong love of ease, or a very curious one, you will not object to this arrangement, especially if your carriage is well furnished with guides, maps or books of greater interest. We claſsed ourselves among the indolent, & it suited us very well. At noon we would saunter out in the sun among

the beautiful scenes to which you soon get acceſs, if fate, for your misfortune, does not stop you in a dirty town; & returning to the Inn, would refresh ourselves with such viands as were to be had, & we found something to eat always, for at the worst of times Antonio could always dreſs us a good omelette & this, with very tolerable bread, is not, let me tell you, to be despised. In point of expense for us it was about the same, posting or *vetturino*, tho' a large, heavy carriage would find the latter more economical.

There are few or no regular Coaches or Diligences in Italy; accordingly those who wish to travel cheap, take their place in a common *vetturino* carriage, of which some are always to be found starting, & in this way they proceed in the most wretched vehicles (for the greater part) imaginable, & at a snail's pace, with not the most select company in the world. How I used to pity the poor creatures & still more the poor horses, toiling up a long, warm, dusty hill; all the paſsengers, from very wearineſs or despair at getting on, turned out on foot. Such motley groups—soldiers, friars & women; but few children, for they are not always on the move in Europe as in America — the wretched baggage just tumbling off the top or sliding from between the wheels. Still, however, those who wish to travel comfortably & yet have no carriage, may hire very good ones to themselves, & get along very well.

As we drove into Naples, the scene which presented itself perfectly amazed us, the crowds in the streets, the hurry &

bustle, the Neapolitan animation & eagerneſs in short—& paſsing thro' the crowded Toledo about dusk proceeded to the Albergo della Gran Bretagna, situated on the Chiaia, commanding a fine view of the Villa Reale & the Bay beyond. Here we were soon joined by Margaret & Brother Ben^{n}, & Copley soon after arrived, so tho' in Naples, we had a snug family party. The next day we accompanied them to the Museo Borbonico, an immense establishment containing the principal antiquities of Pompeii, Herculaneum & Stabiæ. We first made the circuit of the room devoted to the frescoes found in the two former places. Some are in pretty good preservation still & the subjects they represent are as various as poſsible: birds, beasts & figures with many mythological & allegorical scenes; a room containing bronzes of every size & form, also from the same towns, & in the halls of pictures, some of the most invaluable *chefs-d'œuvre* of the old masters. After this we rode thro' the grotto of Posilipo. The beauty of the Bay, with Mt Vesuvius in the distance, surpaſses description. Our eve^{g} was paſsed at the Teatro di San Carlo, the largest & one of the most beautiful in Europe. Here we heard the celebrated Malibran & must I add her soft tones did but lull me to sleep—something might be said in excuse, considering the fatigues of the day—but I refrain. At all events, I was kept in countenance by excellent company as the rest of the party seemed somewhat soporific. The next day our visit to the Museum was repeated & we saw the halls of ancient statuary, of which

the collection is as large as it is precious—the Toro Farnese, the Hercules, & the Venus Callipyge were but some of the most famous. We then went thro' the rooms containing the culinary & other domestic utensils &c, &c. On our return home we refreshed ourselves, after the labour of *Seeing*, with a drive.

On Sunday we went to Baiæ, the very sound of which recalls to him who has ever made the excursion such a host of delightful afsociations, such lovely scenery & so many clafsic images. We pafsed thro' Pozzuoli on our way, visiting also the Baths of Nero & the Lucrine Lake. At Baiæ are the ruins of the Temple of Venus, magnificently placed on the Bay & a most fit situation for the Goddefs of Pleasure; near this is the Chamber dedicated to the same deity. The Temple of Mercury in the form of a Rotunda, with a circular opening in the roof, for light, with an echo which really seemed to mock at reality, and the Temple of Diana, at a little distance, form a group of picturesque ruins. We then proceeded to the dread lake of Charon, & by the aid of the silver coin were rowed to an isolated Temple of more modern date, where the gentlemen of the party feasted on oysters, which, I have no doubt, afforded them considerable satisfaction. Thence we visited the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, a long subterranean pafsage, on the borders of the Lake of Avernus, & on our return, we stopt at the ruins of the Temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli.

Today we again repaired at an early hour to the Mu-

seum & went thro' the Halls in which are preserved the ancient papyri & were shown the manner in which they are now enabled to unfold without injuring them; also the Halls containing bracelets, rings & gems of various kinds discovered on the bodies as well as in the houses at Pompeii; the remains, too, of bread, figs, grains—every article, in short, seemed to have its representative; besides mosaics & other frescoes in lefs perfect preservation. But the most beautiful specimen of all others is a large cameo, said to be the first in the world, representing the Medusa's head on the one side, & the Apotheosis of Ptolemy on the other. After all this we drove to the Champ de Mars. Tomorrow for our excursion to Pompeii, of which, it is to be hoped, you may have a better description.

XIX

Naples, March 5th, 1834.

WE set out yesterday, at an earlier hour than usual, to visit Pompeii, the most interesting thing we have thus far seen, & which in this respect will rarely be matched—an attempt at description must necefsarily prove unsuccefsful. It lies about 12 ms distant from Naples; the road commands

a view of the water on one side & formidable m^ts^ lift their heads on the opposite, while luxuriant cultivation enriches the land. However after pafsing thro' Portici & Torre del Greco you exchange this smiling aspect for a dark & wild waste, streams of lava having destroyed all appearance of vegetation. Torre dell' Annunziata next strikes the eye. At the Greco the king has a beautiful villa with a pretty name—La Favorita— & as I saw the hundreds and tens of hundreds of the poor & destitute knowing not where to lay their heads & hardly how to satisfy the calls of all imperious hunger, I could not but think what a pity he would not metamorphose some few of his pleasure Palaces into Almshouses & Hospitals. The crowds of beggars, cripples, diseased & blind who are idly stretched along the road side, dependent on precarious charity for their support are incredible; they surround your carriage on every stopping—follow you up hill, or wherever they can, loudly demanding charity in the name of the Virgin & all the blefsed Saints; while they exhibit to the shrinking eye every infirmity to which flesh is heir — & here the ills of life seem more numerous, & in greater variety, than elsewhere. Blindnefs especially is exceedingly common, whether owing to exposure to so brilliant an atmosphere & at times a burning sun I cannot say—but so it is.

Torre del Greco is about 5 m^s^ from Naples, & here the soil seems to consist of a vast bed of lava, wildly tofsed up in rough mafses. On the sides of the m^ts^ its destructive course is dis-

tinctly visible from its dusty, black colour; while an immense volume of smoke arose from the volcano, enveloping its lofty head like a mantle. Tho' the destroying angel has nine times visited this devoted village, still is it inhabited as of old. Arriving at Pompeii & furnishing ourselves with guides, we entered this "City of the Dead" by the Via Domitiana. The view here presenting itself I leave to your imagination, as well as its effect on the beholder — a visitor from the New World preparing to explore the buried & long forgotten cities of the Old!

The streets yet excavated, 18 in number, exclusive of lanes, are all very narrow excepting that above mentioned & the Via dei Mercurii lately disentombed; the latter is regular & fine. They are all paved with lava, and have a border of raised pavement (composed of pieces of marble generally) for foot pafsengers, with narrow curb & occasionally stepping-stones —bricks, however, are sometimes used instead of marble. In the middle the marks of carriage wheels are distinctly visible in places & only at about 4 feet distance.

Fountains, so much in use with the Ancients, adorned the streets, especially when several met. These seem to have been ornamented with tasteful designs & stones defended them from injury by carriage wheels; seats too, for the convenience of the pafsenger appear from time to time, one of which is covered. We are apt to flatter ourselves that in all the appliances for comfort we have far outstripped our ancestors, but in some of these simple contrivances the traveller is surprised

to find how this was understood; that is to say, the "comfort of warm climates"—the shady court, the refreshing fountain, the bath & even the covered seat for the poor & wayfaring—while the discoveries every day making in these secret schools of antique fashions, teach us that even many of the supposed inventions in modern times for domestic use are but remodelling of the ancient article, but in lefs graceful designs—for the elegant taste of the Grecian discovers itself even in the most simple utensil.

A sentry box still remains at which the body of a soldier was found dead at his post—or *skeleton* might be more properly said.

But about one third of the City is yet excavated & it is supposed the finest part is still concealed. Not the slightest marks of fire are discoverable in the frescoes or buildings, in fact it was buried by ashes & pumice stones. The houses, generally speaking, were small, or more properly the *apartments*. The most splendid yet excavated is that of Sallust, perhaps; almost all had inlaid marble floors, were ornamented with frescoes, bas-reliefs & bronze or other statuary.

The villa of Diomedes without the walls is the first & very interesting. Here were found many skeletons with remains of all sorts, vases—jars—coins & innumerable household utensils, & personal ornaments. Among the buildings were the following supposed to have answered the purposes their titles imply—the Sepulchral Triclinium, devoted to funeral cere-

monies—the Mausoleum of C. Quietus—a tomb on the opposite side, as well as others—Inn for Peasantry—Semicircular roofed seat, Sentry Box, & the Walls with which Pompeii was surrounded, the Herculaneum Gate, Inn (probably the Post House), building supposed a coffee-house, House of the Vestals, Anatomical Theatre, Custom House, Soap Manufactory, House of the Danzatrici, House of C. Sallust, Farriers' Shop, House of Julius Polybius, Chymists' & Druggists' Shop, Restaurant of Fortunata, Residence of the Edile Pansa, House of the Tragic Poet, Public Baths, House of the large Fountain; with various others. Thus many have I enumerated, because it is rather curious to know the purposes to which they were supposed devoted, while could the rightful owner arise he might upset the whole hypothesis. As to entering into descriptions of each, I hold any thing of the sort impofsible unlefs I had more of the "gift"—the Guide-books undertake minute details of each. To these I must refer you, giving only my own individual impreſsions & speaking but of things which struck my observation.

For the most part, I was surprised & I might add *disappointed*, at the small scale of the houses—not the ground on which they stood, but rooms according to our notions large enough only for Lilliputians. The fact is, the courts around which the houses were built seem to have been the part devoted to company & which the family occupied; accordingly all the ornaments were here—the statuary, the frescoes—

the fountains; here they seem to have delighted to enjoy the refreshing murmur of the water—the open air shaded from the noonday sun. The sleeping apartments were very small & the beds also. The solidity of the walls too is great. Baths were an indispensable requisite & here was another luxury on which they delighted to lavish the riches of nature as well as the creations of art—the sculptor was in demand, rich marbles & brilliant frescoes adorned the bathing apartments of the private houses, as well as those luxurious public establishments which have stood a monument of the arts & power of the past. There is one peculiar effect produced by visiting this spot, which cannot be communicated but must be felt most vividly—it seems as if some all powerful hand had been laid on the City & its inhabitants in the midst of their every day occupations & had so left them—or that a deep sleep had fallen on them just as they were—their hands holding whatever at that fated moment engaged their attention, some reclining—others engaged in their common occupations—we seem to look in upon the every day life & history of that era—but all these reflections you will make yourselves.

About 4 o'clock we bade adieu to Pompeii & our friends, who continued their route to Pæstum, where we concluded not to go, to our subsequent disappointment be it said. We returned to Naples, visiting on our way Herculaneum, or rather the theatre, the only object now for the stranger; for the situation,

immediately under Portici, has rendered further excavations impofsible; this, unlike Pompeii, was destroyed by the lava itself. While in this subterranean abode, above our heads rolled the carriages & carts of Portici, every sound of which met our ears like distant thunder. It is presumed the inhabitants of this City had time to escape, as few skeletons & little portable wealth have been discovered.

I have spent today in repose, thinking of what I have seen, & writing; varying it with a walk in the fine Villa Reale, the public garden of Naples, facing the Bay, planted with trees & adorned with some statues & fountains of a common description. In the centre stands a large basin which once adorned Pæstum.

XX

Naples, March 8th, 1834.

YESTERDAY we repaired to the Museum where we saw a vast collection of ancient statuary found at Pompeii, Herculaneum & the other disentombed cities. The subjects were endlefs & of the finest were the Venus Callipyge & Aristides, the former full of grace & beauty & attributed to Praxiteles, the latter remarkable for its character & energy—

life & ease are always conspicuous in ancient statuary. I cannot pretend to name but a very few of those which struck me most — a Gladiator on the point of falling with glazed eyes & stiffened limbs — fine equestrian statues found at Herculaneum, a colofsal Flora from the Baths of Caracalla & endlefs numbers of others. A vast deal of statuary was intended by their artists for the open air — to adorn public walks — courts & Temples — particularly all we now call colofsal — consequently their present position in galleries is very injurious to the effect they should produce. For instance, the Flora, fine as it is, loses very much from being placed in a small apartment where the spectator is obliged to stretch up his neck to look into her face — a face never intended to be peered upon but at a respectful distance. These large suites of rooms are literally peopled from these mines of Art.

There is a good library in the same building, where two large cats were the only students keeping watch. The most remarkable thing was the echo near the top of the great hall; it repeated more than thirty times, so clear & deep.

Thence we proceeded to the Castello di Sant' Elmo, now a strong fortrefs but formerly a convent. The view from this is indescribably lovely, looking down at the City at its feet, the Bay stretching out in two semicircles beyond, with Mt Vesuvius & other mountains & islands scattered around. The Chapel contains a fine picture *of course*, for what Chapel in Italy does not contain at *least* one fine picture!

This being the case we did not so much regret we could not see it as the Military were at Mafs. After slowly descending & casting some lingering glances at the superb landscape we were leaving, we proceeded thro' an uninterrupted succefsion of vineyards to the " Tomb of Virgil," just overhanging the Grotto of Posilipo, very near the City. Whether this really was his long, last resting place seems matter of dispute to the learned, tho' the evidence is strong enough for the vulgar — so it satisfies me. It is a small, square building, with an arched roof & niches around for the cinerary vases & containing two windows, now partly covered with ivy. The descent is winding & curious from its position — the whole produces that interest which afsociation in any way with genius must do. Slowly we returned home quite ready for dinner, for after all, food for the mind & imagination does not supersede the grofser requisite for the body.

This morn^{g} after taking up Margaret, we went to see the Chapel of St Severo, a poor dilapidated building which has suffered as well from earthquakes as Time. It however contains some remarkable statues: Modesty, the whole person veiled, thro' which, however, the features are distinctly visible; Vice entangled in a net from which he vainly tries to free himself by means of good sense. The finest, painful as it is, represents our Saviour lying, after the last agony, on a pillow, entirely covered with a veil, & is remarkable for its execution — the solemnity & repose of death speak for themselves.

These pieces are carved from a single block of marble, & you will easily conceive how difficult the veil must be,—indeed it seems never to have been undertaken except in the present case.

Thence we repaired to the Catacombs, said to have been commenced by digging for pozzolana, & then used by the early Christians as places of concealment & of burial. They are very extensive, consisting of chambers formed from the rock, containing above a hollow to serve as bed & beneath a resting place for the long repose of all. The walls in places are covered with an ordinary painting & there are remains of skulls & an altar. An odd little figure belonging to a Hospital for poor Mechanics near, acted as Cicerone. We then continued our route thro' the Grotto of Posilipo to the Lago d'Agnano, on the borders of which stands the Grotto del Cane, so called because the air throws a dog into convulsions & will extinguish a lighted candle. We contented ourselves with the latter exhibition. The lake itself is a lovely spot.

XXI

Mola, March 13th, 1834.

THE last two days in Naples were spent in reviewing the Museum, bidding a last adieu to the Hercules & Toro Farnese, & gratifying my sense of vision with the sight of the lovely Bay. Vesuvius we did not ascend. We left yesterday morng & instead of returning thro' Capua, came to Caserta, 12 ms from Naples, to see the Aqueduct & Palace; the former is 5 ms farther & is a truly grand work, executed by Charles III of Naples. The bridge connecting two high mts is not only a gigantic undertaking but a fine object, consisting of four stories each composed of arches thro' which the clear, blue sky & beautiful landscape looked lovely indeed; it conveys the water of nine springs the distance of 12 ms to Caserta & counting its sinuosities is 27 ms in length. The Palace is a magnificent building of gigantic size, built round a tomb containing still a smaller one; the grand entrance & staircase are particularly splendid & very rich in marbles, as well as the church.

The theatre contains 12 columns of basalt from the Temple of Jupiter Serapis at Pozzuoli & is a very pretty building. The rooms are spacious & handsome, tho' very deficient in furniture; a hall commenced by Murat & intended for the throne,

remains as he left it. This splendid structure also owes its origin to Charles III. The road from here to Caserta lies thro' luxuriant vineyards & abounds in beauty, & the m^{t} over which we pafsed, after having examined the Aqueduct, commands an extensive prospect. A high wind, enveloping us in dust, did its most to destroy our view, & this must be one of the great evils of the Italian climate, the soil in many parts being light & sandy. Copley accompanied us in the day's excursion & will join us in a few days at Rome. The Sicily tour he was induced to abandon, as he found the steamboat left too late to allow him to see the Island without spending more time than he wished.

This morning we bade adieu to Caserta, glad at the soonest to leave a poor Inn. We proceeded thro' ancient Capua to see the amphitheatre, of which there are magnificent remains. It stands near the road, & at a short distance on the other side are mountains. The Arena, the Cells beneath for wild beasts & the chains by which they were attached are still there to tell of all the horrors of those sights. The seats rise on four stories of arches around which there was a fine walk. Magnificent marble columns, capitals, friezes &c^{c} lay scattered around & one gate of the ancient City remains. The excavations have led to the discovery of the foundations of a town, 15 *palmi* under ground, & now supposed to be the site of Ancient Capua. The road to Sant' Agata pafses thro' the same luxuriant country, & 6 m^{s} from Mola are traces of a Theatre, Amphitheatre & Aqueduct supposed to have be-

longed to Minturnæ. The town where we now are is dirty & ill-built, which to tell the truth, is usually the case with those in the Neapolitan Kingdom; it has, however, the redeeming point of a tolerable Inn. We came *vetturino* & are well pleased with our experiences. I wish you could see our fat postillion, who, we hear, finds himself ill from his violent exertions.

XXII

Rome, March 17th, 1834.

WE left Mola early the morng after my last accounts & proceeded thro' Itri & Fondi to Terracina, where we stopt to lunch. Opposite Mola & extending some distance into the sea, stands Gaeta, which is in the distance a beautiful object. Mola itself is a large & busy town, but dirty, even for an Italian one—tho' the bay & country around are lovely. Cowper's expressive line is peculiarly suited to Italy—*modern Italy* at least.

Itri, a large town built on a lofty rock, is said literally to be a den of thieves & no description of mine could give you any idea of the aspect of the place; the dreſs of the men consisted universally of a conical hat, a brown Spanish cloak thrown

over the left shoulder & sandals with leggings of sheepskin; their wild & ruffian exprefsion added to the picturesque. The women & children were poorly clothed & the latter had even more ornaments than usually fall to the lot of Peasantry. As we rapidly pafsed thro' the miserable town, every creature held out his hands for Charity, running after the carriage & crying "Qualche cosa, signore, qualche cosa!" The *gens d'armes* are stationed here to keep order & the whole road, in fact, between Rome & Naples is patrolled by military; at one spot we could see no lefs than 4 *caserne*. Fondi — every one recollects Fondi — made an imprefsion on one from being the very first place we saw the *real* lazzaroni. It is the frontier custom house post; the Torre de' Confini is the barrier between his Holinefs' Patrimony & that of Naples; near it is a salt lake said to be pestiferous. Then comes Terracina, a narrow pafs once defended against Hannibal; it is on the Mediterranean with solid rocks on the other side; it formerly served as a Roman Port & the rings to which they attached their vessels remain as they used them. The Via Appia still may be traced here too.

Here commence the Pontine Marshes so well known; they are twenty-four m^s in length & vary from 6 to 12 in breadth. The modern road formed on the old Appian, which was long hidden under water, is superb, bordered all the way by fine large trees whose shade is particularly grateful in this solitary spot. These desolate plains, apparently deserted by

man—filled with vast herds of cattle, in parts highly cultivated, with the m^ts^ in the background, offer a curious spectacle to the traveller; the post houses alone appear inhabited, the air is damp & oppreſsive. Along the road runs the Canal on which Horace performed his memorable journey to Brundusium. The Marshes are now drained in part, tho' at certain seasons of the year the exhalations are noxious & to a stranger sleeping on them might be death—certain it is the air is very peculiar, damp & oppreſsive—wild birds in vast flocks brood over them.

We slept at Cisterna, a small, pretty village at the other extremity, a short distance from Velletri, & not distant from Torre Tre Ponti, presumed to be the site of the Forum Appia, of which St Paul speaks, & Horace's second resting place on the above named journey—ere the discovery of steam & other appliances! At Aricia, a mile from Albano, I was very much struck at observing written on every door "Viva il sangue di Gesù Cristo," & on remarking it, was told that if every man in the town were hung not an honest man would suffer! The country is wild & beautiful, teeming with that luxuriance peculiar to these favoured climes—vineyards stretching farther than eye could follow, streams of fresh, clear water with the peasant girls knee deep washing their clothes in the brook as we read of in days of poesy—others leading their mules slowly home, or gracefully balancing on their head water-jars such as their fathers used before them. For the *picturesque*,

give me Italy with all its asſociations of the past & actual beauty; for the *useful* & *comfortable* perhaps more favoured lands may be found. Albano, about 14 m^{s} from Rome, is a celebrated spot for its situation & its antiquities; it is famous too for the beauty of its inhabitants & their tasteful costume. After our repast, we set out for the Lake, formerly the crater of a volcano; its waters are dark & the banks steep, it stands high & commands an extensive view. The subterranean outlet, called the Emiſsario, is an extraordinary work & has, I believe, much puzzled antiquarians; it is carried under the hill about a mile to the plain, & is in breadth between 5 & 6 & in height from 9 to 10 feet.

We found after proceeding to the Lake, we could not see it without making a circuit of 5 m^{s} which our time would not allow us to do—this we must see next time if that ever comes. By some, this was supposed to have been intended to carry off the waters from the Lake. It was built in obedience to the Delphic Oracle & is a remarkable specimen of the Etruscan work. Near the Lake is Castel Gandolfo & at some distance, on a highland, stands Rocca del Papa, also a nest of robbers. On every side around are remains of Roman Antiquities—ruins of the Villa of Domitian, vestiges of an amphitheatre, a reservoir, & a tomb, said to be that of the Curiatii &^{c}, &^{c}. One must travel for some time in this claſsic land before it is poſsible to realize how the ground is literally strewed with mementoes of the past. I will honestly confeſs

my head was not very clear concerning all we had seen, & we reached Rome as I was conning over all the wonders.

Here we bade adieu to the 4 horses & postillions who had brought us comfortably from Naples—the distance is 130 m^{s} tho' our excursion to Caserta lengthened it somewhat. By making an arrangement at Naples you are sent on in y^{r} own carriage within a certain time, he paying all expenses & providing every thing. The sum we paid was $64, *buonamano*, barrier & every thing included—paſsports, custom house, officers & servants about $10 more. The expense is about the same as posting, but I like being able to vary our route, travelling slowly & stopping at noon. The Inns were sufficiently comfortable; on the whole I preferred them to the French.

On reaching Rome we drove to the "Iles Britanniques," where we took our old apartment, which is, however, engaged for the 24th, so we have been busy lodging hunting. Not a chamber even, is to be found in one of the Hotels. Accordingly we had recourse to *appartements meublés*, & such as they were! Our perplexity, or rather distrefs, I cannot describe: nothing merely *decent* could be had for love or money. After more trouble, however, than you with a house over y^{r} head can imagine, we heard of one believed to be empty, accordingly applied immediately & engaged it—to me it really seemed a Palace. As we cannot take poſseſsion as soon as the rooms we now occupy are wanted, we have hit on the expedient of going into the country in the meanwhile.

XXIII

Rome, March 20th, 1834.

DAY before yesterday we amused ourselves with driving round, just to see the *outside* of things & thus visited the Villa Borghese & the Pincian Hill. We did not go over the former, but drove round the grounds which, in mild weather, are a favourite promenade both of Romans & strangers; in winter they resort more to the Pincian, laid out by the French & completed by Pius the VII. It ascends from the Piazza di Spagna and commands a magnificent view of all Rome & even beyond it; in the midst rises an Egyptian Obelisk, covered with Hieroglyphics & found in a Circus beyond the walls of Rome. The drive is a Square, round which you see innumerable carriages, equestrians & pedestrians.

The Corso is the principal street & this too, is another popular promenade, particularly on all fêtes & these, in this Catholic City, are no inconsiderable part of the year. Mrs H. Gray called to see us & invited us to pafs the eveg with her which we did very pleasantly. Yesterday, being St Joseph's, we set out early, but disappointed in getting accefs to the Churches, we proceeded to the Forum Romanum; one of the most splendid remains of ancient Rome. They served as ornaments to the City, for the administration of justice & as

market places also. The Roman Forum contained the Comitium & Rostra, the former the Tribunal, the latter furnished with an orators' pulpit. It [the Forum] was oblong; in the centre stands the Colonna di Foca, formerly belonging, probably, to a building & placed in its present position in the VII century, in honour of the Emperor Phocas, a bronze statue of whom is said originally to have been placed on the top.

At one extremity stands the Arch of S. Severus erected by the Senate in honour of the Emperor & his two Sons. It is of the composite order & richly adorned with bas-reliefs, representing the victories of Severus over the Parthians. Geta's name was effaced, however, wherever it appeared, by Caracalla, & his own substituted in its stead. It is said originally to have been adorned with a Triumphal Car to which were attached six horses. On a line with this Arch are the remains of the Temple of Fortune, consisting of six Ionic Columns of granite with bases & capitals of white marble, supposed to have composed the Portico, with one column on each side. They support an entablature and a pediment, & vary in diameter, from which circumstance it is supposed to have been repaired at different times; moreover the workmanship differs in quality. Near this are three columns of the Portico with part of the entablature & frieze of Luni marble & appear to have been once tinged with Tyrian purple—prevalent in every part of Pompeii.

Between the Forum & the Capitol the base of a building has

been excavated supposed by Antiquarians to be the remains of the Temple of Concord, raised by Camillus to celebrate the reconciliation he effected between the Senate & people of Rome.

On the north side of the Via Sacra (so called because peace was here concluded between Romulus & Latius), which traverses the Forum, and near the Palatine Hill are three fine fluted Corinthian columns, together with fragments of the entablature, formerly believed to be the remains of a Temple, dedicated to Jupiter Stator; but circumstances have induced the learned to suppose these columns part of the Comitium, a building appropriated to civil causes, & in the early days of Rome an open space in which grew the famous fig tree, under which were found Romulus & Remus. But about 9 yrs after Hannibal's entrance into Rome a roof was added. The Site of the Temple to Jupiter Stator is not ascertained with any degree of certainty. Of the Temple of Antoninus Pius & his consort Faustina built by the Senate, remain the Corinthian Columns of cipollino supporting an entablature. The sides of the Portico appear to have been originally incrusted with marble, but a frieze, adorned with Gryphons, still exists & proclaims a once magnificent structure. Like many of the remains of antiquity this has been converted into a Church, called S. Lorenzo in Miranda. Near this is the Temple of Romulus, now Chiesa de' SS. Cosma & Damiano; for the history of the saintly personages pray search the Chronicles. The Bronze door, & marble mounting with the Porphyry columns & Rotunda

appear antique, but the body of the church partakes of the Constantine era.

Beyond this are the remains of the Temple of Peace, or more properly, perhaps, the Basilica of Constantine. The former was the most splendid structure of ancient Rome, being incrusted with bronze gilt, supported by splendid columns & containing some of the finest paintings & statuary of the Grecian School; the spoils of Jerusalem were placed here & in this the Citizens deposited their wealth, so that in fact it served as a treasury for about 100 y^{rs}, when the whole edifice is said to have been destroyed by fire ifsuing from the ground; it was erected by Vespasian about 75, after the war with Judæa.

On the site of this Temple & availing himself of the remains, Maxentius is presumed to have built the Basilica. He extended it, however; as in late excavations part of the Via Sacra has been discovered underneath & the new branch of this road, evidently constructed afterwards, is different from the ancient. Three enormous arches, forming one side of the building, are all that can be traced of this heap of ruins, with part of the roof, niches & door. The magnificent Column, now placed in the Piazza of Sta Maria Maggiore, was also found here, & was a splendid proof of the splendour & size of the building. The Arch of Titus, in honour of that Emperor, next presents itself & is considered one of the most elegant structures of the kind. Between the Temple of Peace & the Colofseum stood the Temple of Venus & Rome.

But nothing can exceed the Colofseum in interest, nor can any other antiquity in Rome be said to be as well preserved or as fruitful in afsociation. Its name is supposed to be taken from a Colofsal Statue of Nero in the character of Apollo, & it is said to occupy the site of the Fish Ponds of Nero. It was commenced by F. Vespasian, finished by Titus & opened in the year 80—when vast numbers of wild beasts & Gladiators exhibited before the polished Romans. The exterior wall rested on two steps & had three rows of arches, 80 in number in each, one above the other, with half columns between them to support their entablatures. The first row was Doric, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian, & the fourth story, which terminates the building, was embellished with Corinthian pilasters & had windows instead of arches. Near the Colofseum are remains of the Meta Sudans, a circular fountain, supposed to have been very magnificent, from being represented on some Ancient coins. Next comes the Arch of Constantine, between the Palatine & Cœlian Hills, dedicated to the Emperor by the Senate & people of Rome, & the best preserved edifice of the kind remaining. It consists of three arches with four fluted Columns on each side, of different kinds of marble & ornamented with statues. The Arch of Janus Quadrifrons is a square structure, formed of square blocks of marble — the columns & statues of this have disappeared. Near this Arch is a little rivulet of particularly clear water, whence there was a Lake, reported to have been that in which bathed Castor & Pollux after the

battle at the "Lacus Regillus." Near here, too, is the famous Cloaca Maxima, constructed by Tarquinius Priscus with great stones hewn from the Tarpeian Rock & placed without cement so as to form this stupendous paſsage 18 *palmi* both in height & breadth; now it is very much choked up with rubbish. It entered between the Ponte Fluatoria & the Temple of Vesta.

On the Palatine Hill are the Ruins of the Palace of the Caesars. Among this wreck of pride may still be traced, it is thought, in part the plan of the building, the *loge* in which the Emperor is supposed to have witneſsed the exhibitions in the Circus Maximus, which was between the Palatine & Aventine Hills & consequently at the foot of the Palace. The Corridors, library &c are pointed out to the stranger, but with how great certainty, it seems at this distance of time impoſsible to say. It was begun by Augustus, continued by Tiberius & Caligula & completed by Domitian. These ruins attest the incredible magnificence of the structure, which overspread the hill like a City. Walls & Arches of enormous solidity, fragments of columns & friezes, rich marbles since serving as a mine of which modern artists have availed themselves, frescoes & gilding—all afford subject of examination & contemplation.

Here from his stately home could the Caesar gaze over the splendid Temples, Palaces & Forums of the Capital, while his eye travelling onwards saw the long line of arches, bringing water to the City—the luxurious villas of the Patricians—the Camp of the Military—all under the glorious sky of his do-

minions. Here stood the Golden House of Nero—his fish ponds & all other imperial pleasures—the Colosseum rose like a magnificent Theatre; in fact, no modern imagination, perhaps, could conceive all the splendours of Imperial Rome.

Near here is the Church of S. Stefano Rotondo, formerly the Temple of Claudius, built by Agrippina in honour of her husband, destroyed by Nero & rebuilt again by Vespasian. Internally it retains the majesty of an ancient temple, is circular & adorned with two rows of columns, 58 in number, principally granite; the addition of a roof has converted it into a Church & the walls are ornamented with frescoes, representing every sort of martyrdom known to have been suffered or thought of. The Obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo, supposed to have been made at Heliopolis 522 B.C., was brought to Rome by Augustus, found in the Circus Maximus & placed in its present position by Sixtus V. It is of enormous height, covered with hieroglyphics, & in its sealed characters bids us look to the past, perhaps with more mysterious influence than any of the other antiquities.

The Piazza di Monte Cavallo, so called from the group of horses & their riders, which stands in the centre, next attracted our admiration. They once adorned Athens & are supposed to have been brought from Alexandria to Rome by Constantine, in whose baths they were found. It consists of two Colossal horses with a man standing by each & holding the bridle; these are called Castor & Pollux. The horses are

modern workmanship; the rest is said to have been from the hand of Phidias & Praxiteles & is admired accordingly; the one by the former, in particular, is considered one of the finest things of the sort in Rome. Here too is an Obelisk of red granite taken from the Mausoleum of Augustus. Here is the Papal Palace chiefly inhabited by his Holiness during summer.

We had also a glance of the splendid Church of S. Maria Maggiore, on the summit of the Esquiline Hill, & standing on the site of an ancient Temple. It is large & very rich and indeed much as the mind is perplexed by the grandeur & extent of what remains to tell of Ancient Rome during the Empire, you are perhaps equally dazzled by the excefsive splendour & wealth of its modern churches—in pictures, frescoes, marbles, statuary & architecture, it seems as if every art of man & the treasures of nations had conspired to adorn them—as if Popes had tried to rival in their Basilicas, the magnificence of the Emperors. The columns, friezes &c taken from the ancient buildings are applied to the churches—& S. John "in Laterano," a very rich Basilica near the Naples Gate, contains a particularly magnificent Chapel, in which is one of the most valuable sarcophagi existing; it is of Porphyry & said to have been the Tomb of Agrippa & taken from the Pantheon. The church is equally well furnished with reliques, but as I should find it impofsible to enumerate them, I must premise by saying every Church, Chapel, Convent &c is furnished with a very plentiful supply of these & of course perfectly authentic they

are. A really curious sight to me, however, was the "Scala Santa," as it is called, a marble staircase of 28 steps, believed to have belonged to the house of Pontius Pilate. They are, in places, quite worn by the knees of the faithful, this being the only position in which they are ascended; part of the damage must be attributed to their being so much *Kifsed* also—this being, with Catholics, a favourite way of expreſsing devotion.

The Basilica of Santa Croce, also erected by Constantine, is near, & on the site are remains of a building called the Temple of Venus & Cupid, or perhaps of the Baths of S. Helena. Near this, on the Esquiline Hill, are remains of the Temple of Minerva Medica, so called from a statue of that Goddeſs being found there. It stands in a Garden, is circular without & ten sided in the interior. Coming home we paſsed what were once the Baths of Diocletian, now partly transformed into a stable & in part a Church; now they are a heap of ruins, tho' arches and the divisions of the rooms still exist.

We returned home much gratified with our excursion, tho' bewildered & amazed with all we had seen—sad, too, as we learnt this leſson of the mutability even of empires & worlds.

This morn^{g} we again departed on the same buſineſs & first went to the Pantheon. In point of preservation this may be said to be almost perfect & as the name implies was consecrated to all the Gods. Originally there were steps leading up to the Portico of which only two are now above ground. The Vestibule is supported by 18 magnificent Columns of

Oriental granite of the Corinthian order, the bases & capitals of white marble are of extraordinary beauty; the Portico supporting an entablature & pediment is finely proportioned. The bronze doors have been taken away but the marble door cases still remain. The interior is circular & formerly, as in many other Temples, you descended, but the pavement has since been raised; in the top, too, was a circular opening by which it was lighted & aired. There is something very fine in the effect of this peep at the clear blue sky. The rich & precious marbles on the wall still remain. Thence we visited the Church of S. Paolo, adjoining which is the Vivarium where were anciently kept the wild beasts; it consists of a large subterranean cave containing several pools of water. After paying several visits we returned to dinner, after which & a visit from Mefs[s] Lowell, Pouſsin & Brimmer, I took the first opportunity of writing.

XXIV

Rome, March 24th, 1834.

I HAVE before mentioned our distreſs about our accommodations & our intention to visit the environs while destitute of all abode. The weather having been unpromising we

were agreeably disappointed in finding Friday delightful. About 9 o'clock we set off for Tivoli, taking Hadrian's Villa in the way. About 4 m[s] from Rome we pafsed the Ponte Mammolo, so called from the Mother of Severus by whom it was repaired; some m[s] beyond is a small monument erected by her children to the memory of Julia Stemma & near this the Lago dei Tartari, anciently a volcano—every substance its water now touches becomes a petrifaction, of which some [forms] are very curious; & fences formed of it reminded me strongly of our ornamental stone walls. In Europe the beauty of the Country is much increased by the absence of enclosures; to have the view bounded by so unpicturesque limits is very disagreeable. When they do exist it is usually in the form of hedges which are always a beauty rather than defect.

The Solfatara Lake is in this vicinity, & is of a peculiarly blue or rather green hue, which seems to cast a very strong shade on surrounding objects. Throwing in a stone is followed by a "bubbling," which emits a very strong odour; the water also petrifies everything with which it comes in contact; & in consequence the ground around for some distance is actually caked over, in many parts containing large holes.

The view from this spot is very fine; near it are the ruins of the Baths of Agrippa, frequented by Augustus. A canal conveys the waters to the Anio. Near the Ponte Lucano is the Tomb of M. Plautius; about 1 m & ½ are the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, the approach to which is marked by a stately avenue of cypreſs.

Here we took a Cicerone, that inevitable bore to the Traveller in Italy, & ours in the present instance was most truly an original. What is so particularly provoking is their self-sufficiency: they know everything, can tell you the precise spot where the Ancient Roman ate, slept, or dreſsed; the use & meaning of every turn & twist, & are so exact you wish to inquire when they left him on whom they descant. I cannot attempt any description of this spot, as I did not understand it myself — for beauty of situation it must have been unrivalled as it was for extent & magnificence. Near where the Custode resides are the traces of the Greek Theatre. Hadrian was himself the architect of these once Imperial structures, which extended in breadth 1 & in length 3 m^{s}. Within this space were comprised Theatres, Temples, Baths &^{c}, many of which were built in imitation of some of the most remarkable buildings in the world. We proceeded thro' an avenue of trees to the Pœcile, of which only one side remains. It was originally an oblong building, surrounded by a portico, supported by a double row of columns; paſsing thro' this you enter a square graſs plot, on the left of which are the ruins of the Temple of Stoics, of a circular shape with niches for statues; paſsing thro' this you enter on what was originally an amphitheatre or bath, tho' a mosaic representing marine monsters sometimes gives it the name of a marine Theatre. To the left are remains called of Greek & Latin Libraries, & not far distant those of a Temple to Venus & Diana; at a little distance

vestiges may be seen of the Imperial Apartments, & of an arched Corridor, on which are visible traces of mosaics.

The Terrace commands a lovely view & at its feet extends the Valley of Tempe, thro' which runs a small rivulet. Baths for both sexes, barracks for the Prætorian Guards, called the "Cento Camerelle," may still be traced. The Serapeon of Canopus, in imitation of the Egyptian, was supposed the most magnificent, and, built round an open space, consisted on the one side of apartments for the Priests & the rest of the buildings on the other side. Some of the most valuable treasures in the Italian Galleries were found at this Royal Villa, which was adorned with the most valuable *chefs d'œuvre* of the Arts to which the whole world had administered; while marbles of the richest kinds, gilding, frescoes & every invention of a luxurious age conspired to embellish it. It may also be fairly presumed, too, that parks & gardens filled with the rarest exotics; ponds & lakes known to have existed, stocked with fish; aviaries, menageries & all other curiosities, were collected to gratify a prince, who was thought to delight in introducing into his own, all the peculiar arts & productions of foreign climes. Like we Americans, who travel abroad 'till we find all other countries more desirable than our own, so Hadrian after his sojourning in Egypt ever delighted in every thing that partook of the style of the mysterious country of the Nile.

After regaling ourselves with a cold dinner we brought with us from Rome, in the miserable house of the Custode, &

loading ourselves with bits of marble, which are everywhere strewed about, we toiled slowly up a lofty hill, covered with venerable Olive Trees, whence we had a fine view of Rome; & on reaching Tivoli stopt at the Inn called the "Regina" which had been described to us in strong terms of disgust, so to find a decent bed was not a little agreeable. Before making use of it we started to visit the Falls & Grotto of Neptune & the next morn^{g} at 6 set off to make the Tour Travellers *must* do—my eyes were heavy & the cold air was sufficient to damp my enthusiasm—but Travellers must toil as well as the other sons & daughters of Adam. I "*dedommage*" myself, however, by a late morn^{g} nap whenever I get a chance, sometimes thereby sorely trying the patience of my companions.

A donkey, richly caparisoned I will add, as you did not see the beast, was brought out for my ladyship, and I mounted for the first time, with some merriment had it been a more brilliant hour for me. 'Till lately I had no idea of the importance of this animal in Italy—it takes the place of man & beast—it is the most prominent figure in every group—it endures all the cruelty of the men & the burdens of the women. Do you wish to make an excursion in the village, a half dozen & more are thrust upon you, with their chair saddles, by their clamorous owners eager for the job. They are usually filthy dirty—ill fed & ruled with a rod of iron. Many are the miles I have been indebted to them for sight-seeing &

some of the most amusing scenes have presented themselves when on their back. Sometimes, too, have we fairly had a *donkey*-race—there's for you—so donkeys with me always merit a kind word. Oh! for the land of donkeys & ruins—of sunshine & beauty!

Tivoli, like all fine places & fine things, is not to be described—otherwise than something everybody loves to see & no one to hear about. It stands on rocks & its Cathedral rises on the site of a Temple to Hercules, the ever famous patron of the Tiber. The beautiful little Temple of the Sybil, four columns of which alone remain, is turned into a church; that of Vesta, so favourite a design for mosaics &c is on the brow of the precipice, opposite the principal cascade; it is round & has columns. Some modern Goth purchased this little antique Gem & was preparing to take it to England when Government interfered & forbade all traffic in the only heritage of Italians—the mementoes of the glorious past! As if too it would still be the Temple of Vesta in a well trimmed modern lawn—with artificial ponds & tame deer round; could he have bought it with a square mile of land, well & good!

We descended a winding path whence we could see better the waterfall & the Grotto of Neptune & that of the Sybil or Siren,—two wild spots with their especially clafsic legends. We then made a circuit of about 4 m[s] to see the small cascades; there are several, falling from a considerable height, with the Town above, the river beneath, & taking a very pic-

turesque turn as they descend. On the right stands a Church to the Madonna, built on the foundations of the Villa of Varus, supposed to have been very magnificent & where ruins of baths are pointed out. Farther on is the Tempio della Tofse—history of whom unknown!—then comes the site of Mæcenas' villa & opposite that of Sallust's.

Beyond, the modern Villa d'Este made an agreeable variety, with its gardens in the prim Italian style & extensive water-works—all which play for sixpence! It was never quite finished & is of a fantastic order. We then returned to our Inn with "*mingled feelings of pain & pleasure*"—being fatigued with the donkey ride & pleased with all we had seen.

Proceeding on our way we reached Rome to lunch, after which we drove to Albano for night quarters; & the next morn^{g} at 9 o'clock the donkeys were again in requisition. They bore us gallantly thro' a shady path descending to the Lake, where we saw the Emifsario—thus, as on many other occasions, seeing on the second visit what we mifsed in the first. Near, are the Baths of Diana with a graceful vine creeping over its entrance; were I Goddefs, I should wish just such a spot & being only a woman must be contented to admire it. From Albano we drove to Frascati 8 m^{s} distant, pafsing thro' Marino, where we went to a Church containing a fine picture of the Trinity by Guido. Thence we went to Frascati & having provided donkeys, began our tour, going first to the Villa Aldobrandini, containing fine water-works; to the Villa Ruffi-

nella—here we stopt at a Convent to see frescoes by Domenichino & Giulio Romano—thence we pafsed to the site of Cicero's villa at Tusculum. It is in a lovely situation; the ruins are not very extensive. The ancient town is still visible; the amphitheatre, streets, houses, &c may be traced. The village of Grotta Ferrata next tempted us to visit in a Convent—frescoes by Domenichino & Guido. Preparations were making for a fête & the peasants afsembled in consequence.

We returned to Rome too weary for description & took pofsefsion of our apartment, which being spacious & lofty & ornamented with faded gilding, at the first glance looked tempting.

XXV

Rome, March 26th, 1834.

WE went soon after breakfast yesterday to the Palazzo Borghese, which is famous for its picture Gallery; it contains 11 rooms filled with master-pieces of the most celebrated artists. To enumerate all that pleased me would be endlefs. After calling on Mrs Sheldon, who was out, we drove to the Sciarra Palace, where the number of pictures is small, but so rare they must be beyond price. Modesty & Vanity by

L. Vinci, the Magdalen by Guido, a portrait of a boy, supposed himself, by Raphael, & the "Bella Donna" by Titian, were but a few I shall not soon forget. We went, too, to the Church of S. Maria sopra Minerva, on the site of an ancient Temple to that Goddefs. In itself it is not remarkable but contains a statue of the Saviour holding his Crofs, by Michael Angelo. It was a fête & the church crowded, & the service, chanted by the priests, rose in solemn beauty. In front of this is an Obelisk, on the back of an elephant, covered, as usual, with hieroglyphics, &, as well as the one before the Pantheon, found during some excavations on this spot.

And now what is to be said of St Peter's, where we went next! As I have heard people declare themselves disappointed in the Falls of Niagara, so often do they say as much of St Peter's! There were many persons in the church, which always increases the effect it produces — in size, they seem, compared with the lofty ceiling, but so many flies; the richest marbles, statuary, mosaic, pictures, grand proportions & architectural beauty conspire to produce a whole which is beautiful as well as grand, & immediately inspires the thought that it is meet for man to consecrate such a work to his God, the Author of all beauty & sublimity. The distribution is simple: the broad aisles in the centre with the narrower ones on each side, from which open the Chapels. The principal Altar near the top is very striking, of bronze & supported by 4 large twisted columns, slightly gilded—the materials were from Caracalla's

Baths. The exterior is not to me so faultleſs — nor does its size so much overwhelm you, tho' fine as a whole. Its magnificent colonnades sweeping off on either side, the gilded cupola & ever springing fountains, with its Obelisk proudly towering in the centre, form a square unique in the whole world.

After breakfast today we received a visit from Meſsrs Lowell & Pouſsin &, accompanied by them, went to the Palazzo Doria where is a very numerous collection, tho' not so fine as others. We then went to the Falconieri, but belonging to a Cardinal, strangers were not admitted during Holy Week. The weather was windy & dusty which did not enhance the pleasure of a drive to the grounds of Sir I. Mills, situated among the ruins of the Palace of the Caesars & commanding a very fine view. The gentleman was vastly civil in showing us his house & grounds, the former a neat villa with frescoes. Descending a narrow staircase from the latter you enter the second story of the ruins — a large part of which are now fairly underground.

Then we went to Stt Peter's, the gentlemen going in dreſs coats & ladies being provided with a permit — both neceſsary precautions. Tho' an hour beforehand, the Piazza was crowded with carriages & pedestrians, the Swiſs Guards in their showy parade dreſs being a conspicuous part of the pageant. We entered the Sistine Chapel to hear the Pope's quire chant the Tenebræ & Miserere. Even to me, so little of the amateur,

the sweetnefs & execution were wonderful; at the conclusion was an imitation of a peal of thunder. The department for females was set apart, as well as a *loge* for the Royal family of Naples, who are here on a visit. We witnefsed the washing of the feet of 12 poor pilgrims by the Pope — nothing very edifying. Long before it took place my patience was quite exhausted standing. But to see this magnificent church, I cannot say filled, but so many persons present, was beautiful — of every nation & every degree, I might say. The gay military uniform — the beautiful Hungarian cloak, with its embroidery of many colours — the scarlet drefs of the Cardinals, the costumes of the peasantry, the elegant toilettes of the ladies, all rendered it a fairy scene to us & more like a *spectacle* than a religious ceremony. After carrying the Host, the pilgrims entered at noon & ranged themselves on a raised seat, drefsed in a white robe & a cap on their head. A priest then took off their stockings, leaving the shoes. A short time after the Pope appeared, preceded by the Guard & followed by Cardinals & priests, the latter bearing his train. His Holinefs then took his seat, & part of his habiliments being removed, he proceeded to the businefs; as to the exact degree of care the feet received I cannot say, but the operation was soon over. A silver waiter borne by a priest held the water & napkins. Before the ceremony was quite completed, the crowd moved towards the Sistine Chapel, to see the Pope wait on the Cardinals at dinner. Mrs Sheldon, the lady whom I joined, gave me her ticket, but

the crowd was such, all attempt at moving was uselefs. It is never easy to see both sights, to which, with my Protestant feelings, I can alone apply the term of mummery— they neither dazzled nor touched me.

We were extremely fatigued, however, with standing & gazing & after a ride to refresh our weary spirits, returned home, where we saw M^r & Mrs H. Gray. After dinner we again repaired to St Peter's, to see the illumination of the Pauline Chapel. A vast number of wax candles, well arranged, produced a fine effect & we thought ourselves well repaid for our trouble. There was no service, but a great many persons on their knees were performing their silent devotions. After trying to enter the Church, which was closed, we drove to the Pantheon. In the Square are many provision stores, for even in Rome must they eat, & we were extremely amused to see their decorations—in the centre of one stood quite a colofsal statue, representing some clafsic subject surrounded by five or six smaller ones, formed of butter & really well executed. We thought this characteristic of the *taste* of the lower clafses, which in this Country exhibits itself even in the ordinary concerns of life; a peasant can admire, ignorant as he may be, paintings & statues. The Pantheon looked finely in the dim obscure of the hour, with the few dark figures kneeling before the altars which have been erected in this Heathen Temple.

We are apt to imagine Holy Week a serious season with

Catholics, but it has rather the appearance of a fête— partly from the number of strangers it collects — but with the lower clafses it really is.

XXVI

Rome, March 31st, 1834.

EARLY Friday we hurried to the Sistine Chapel. The ceremony was very splendid—that of the elevation of the Host—which the Pope brought from the Pauline Chapel; but however brilliant as a pageant these exhibitions may be, there is nothing impreſsive. Such Churches & music, rich decorations & dreſses would dazzle & strike the spectator were the eye not constantly called upon to witneſs a thousand trifling ceremonials—prostrations—genuflexions—changes of attire, &c, with a careleſs repetition of an unknown service.

We also went to the Palazzo Farnese, where we were joined by Mr Lowell. One hall is magnificently painted in fresco—by Annibal Caracci & others. I never admire these splendid ceilings without thinking what a pity so much genius should be expended on a material so perishable. Brilliant as frescoes are as ornaments, dampneſs & time are fast blotting out some of the most invaluable productions; it seems a sort

of painting peculiarly Italian & is now, we were told, but little understood.

We returned to the Sistine Chapel to hear the chanting of the Miserere. The crowd & heat was oppreſsive & we were glad when we could adjourn to the Church, where it was again performed & with a peculiarly solemn effect—"the music of the Spheres" brought down to the most perfect of all human Temples.

Our eveg terminated in witneſsing a singular ceremony, to which Mrs Gray's kindneſs gained us acceſs. During this season, pilgrims resort to Rome from all parts, & a house is prepared for their reception where they are maintained a certain time. A society of noble ladies serve the females each day, waiting on them at table, washing their feet & attending them to the Dormitorio—the same service is performed for the men by Gentlemen. The whole was curious, I do think, & admittance gained much easier than formerly. The ladies were dreſsed in black, with a scarlet calico apron & the badge of the order on the shoulder. The affair was soon over. About 90 peasants were aſsembled in their common costume, with the *montaro*, the national headdreſs in this part of Italy; very piercing black eyes & sunburnt complexions were the lot of all—one or two only could poſsibly be called pretty.

The ladies, deprived of the advantages of dreſs, did not look as if beauty were an aristocratic poſseſsion. The dinner, tho' somewhat uninviting to our faſtidious palates, seemed

grateful to those for whom it was prepared. After the affair was over, the pilgrims sang a song & visitors retired. A few priests were present, who gave some instructions in Latin which I hope edified the hearers more than myself. M^{r} A—— witneſsed all this in the male department. Considerable fatigue was as usual the penalty we had to pay for our curiosity.

Saturday we went to the Palazzo Spada, where we rec^{d} great satisfaction from seeing the pictures. It contains a statue of Pompey, said, but without sufficient authority, to be that at whose feet Caesar fell. Visiting took up the rest of the morn^{g}. The Sheldons, Chase, Ridgeleys, Pattisons &^{c} I found at home, which I attributed to the fatigue they had undergone the last week. Mr Poufsin dined with us, but he found our dinner so wretched he invited us for Wednesday. In the eve^{g} a visit from Mr Lowell.

Yesterday, being Easter, we went to St Peter's which was crowded; that is to say where any thing was to be seen. My ticket gave me a place, but not a seat, in the ladies' *loge*. Patiently did we wait to see the Pope enter in his chair of state borne by Cardinals—with something like Peacock fans before, & various other indescribable appendages. We concluded it wise to get good places for the Benediction & were fortunate in establishing ourselves in the front of the Colonnades. A black woman near me really looked odd enough—& the famous Counteſs Guiccioli was on the other side. I confeſs I could see none of the beauty for which Byron's historians

give her credit & there is so much affectation apparent as to be bad taste. Auburn hair she certainly has, which for Italians is uncommon. She was dreſsed in black—her character is not good, tho' she has lost her former lover. The weather was fine, even for Italy, & the sky of that unrivalled blue which in leſs southern climes is never found so deep & so clear! The view which we then enjoyed is worth much trouble. There is something in so clear an atmosphere which is particularly favourable to every object seen beneath it; consequently every thing stood forth in bold relief—the splendid square with its colonnades, obelisk, & fountains sparkling like so many gems; its crowd of people forming a brilliant medley of colours & animation.

At noon the Pope was brought by his bearers to the centre balcony with a train of Cardinals & attendants around; the feather fans behind. At the moment of the Benediction a dead silence prevailed; the crowd, the military fell on their knees. The figure of the Pope with outstretched arms, the sound of the voice mildly rising above all the murmurs of the hushed aſsemblage, was exceeding impreſsive. No sooner was it over than the ringing of a thousand bells, the firing of cannon & the bustle in the Piazza announced it to the whole City. I never beheld any thing more truly grand; the pomp of the priest was lost in the figure of the feeble old man invoking on his people the bleſsing of God. The tide of people rushed off in every direction. The Queen & Queen Dowager of Na-

ples have been a conspicuous part of every pageant; she is pretty, but said to be very unhappy & is a most rigid Catholic.

After dinner we set out early to secure a good place to see the illumination. We perambulated St Peter's & then took our station in the Piazza. The first had commenced & was a beautiful, soft brilliancy like the moon, so to compare it. In a moment, as we were looking, the entire building broke out in one flame of light, with the colonnades; this was the most splendid effect posible, so instantaneously did it take place. After admiring some time in the Piazza, we drove to the Pincian Hill, where, as a brilliant spectacle, it was perhaps finer—as St Peter's, with its grandeur & proportions, I admired it most, nearer. Returning, the glory of the whole dazzled the eye—this immense pile of magnificent buildings on fire, as it were, for its own sake, for the crowd had now dispersed; the flickerings of its thousand flames, the sound & motion of the waters gave an appearance of life I can hardly explain. The most brilliant was the cupola with the croſs above, resembling an immense crown, studded with jewels, on a ground of deep velvet. The difference in colour of the building was very striking. The travertino, as the stone is called, is exactly that which takes the illumination best—that warm yellow tint—while the rich deep shade of the bronze produced a fine contrast. Thus far this is the most beautiful sight I have seen. We drove away wondering whether this glorious object would ever again be for us. The blaze of light increased, apparently,

the size of the whole; disposed as it was among the pillars, it gave to every part strong relief. It is lighted by men suspended by ropes; the first time by little paper lamps containing oil, the second by pitch set on fire by shavings.

Yesterday our sight-seeing commenced later. We went first to the Palazzo Corsini, once occupied by Queen Christina, where the pictures are fine, as usual. We then drove to the Castello di S. Angelo to see what was to be seen of the preparations for the fireworks, which were curious—& after a hurried dinner took our station in the room we had hired in the Piazza, from which we had an excellent view. The crowd in the square was immense & reaching out of sight; the noise of an Italian mob exceeding belief, seeming, however, more an excefs of gaiety than anything else. The Queen of Naples & her suite occupied an open balcony at Torlonia's private theatre, where we were invited; but from the crowd, I fear we should have seen but little. The fireworks commenced at 8 o'clock, with the firing of cannon & the eruption of Mt Vesuvius ; then the "Girandola," as it is called, & various other ingenious exhibitions, the whole ending with a great explosion. The different parts followed one another almost immediately & were the finest fireworks pofsible. Something is owing to the position, perhaps—the river & the Castello, once the Mausoleum of Hadrian, are conspicuous objects, which the flood of light shew to the greatest advantage. It lasted about ¾ of an hour.

Yesterday morn^{g} the Barberini Palace was the first thing we explored, in which is a small room containing a few master-pieces of inestimable value: the "Fornarina" of Raphael, portrait of a lady as a Greek slave by Titian, Guido's "Beatrice Cenci," her Mother by Gaetani, the Expulsion from Paradise by Domenichino, a Claude &^{c}. The "Fornarina" I admire particularly, tho' the one in Florence is more celebrated. Thorwaldsen's Studio is near this, & there we spent some time. He is peculiarly happy in his bas-reliefs which are inimitable— the designs are so very graceful & elegant! "The Progrefs of Love" I should like to place in my boudoir. He is now engaged on some statuary for a Church in Denmark, of which the almost colofsal figure of our Saviour is highly esteemed. Then we went to the Studio of his scholar, Bienaimé, who promises to rival his master. Then the most distinguished artist in bronze was visited; after which we came home to chew the cud of all we had seen, heard & admired.

Thorwaldsen is at the head of his art in Rome & is described as full of enthusiasm & a mild, delightful man. Canova seems to have recreated a love of statuary among his countrymen, which has now a high rank & is far more elevated, in the perfection to which it has attained in the last century, than painting. Still the ancients, however, are followed as masters, & their works studied as models, while so numerous are the subjects they have treated & in so many different points of view, that modern artists appear to reproduce only, never to *create*.

Girometti is the most skilful cutter of pietra dura, & Dies of conchiglia. Among the latter was the "Sybil" of Guercino, which I much admired, & Copley very kindly gave it to me; he also took a head of Socrates, a copy from a Greek medallion, & a head of Hercules I fancied extremely, of Girometti; my friends preferred very much a Cybele in oriental agate. His cameos are thought in workmanship to rival the antique; they are rubbed down with the dust of diamonds, which is the only material sufficiently hard to work the pietra dura. Of course the proceſs is very slow, & the value great. His largest head was 200 louis.

After a bath & dinner, the former brought into y^{r} chamber in the luxurious Paris fashion, I prepared to go to the Ducheſs Torlonia's—Mother of the Banker Duke—whose Palazzo is magnificent, & the suite of servants in gorgeous liveries, princely. His picture Gallery is not remarkable, but he poſsesses one of Canova's finest works—Hercules throwing Lichas into the Sea; it is coloſsal & wonderfully depicts his agony —to me the subject is too disagreeable for admiration. The party aſsembled was motley enough & very brilliant. The Queen of Naples & her suite, Cardinals & priests, Italians & Strangers were mingling together in the princely suites of Rooms—the Dancing Hall was crowded 'till the supper was announced. I can conceive nothing more superb—the room was very large & the table loaded with dainties served in silver. From the first of the eve^{g} there was another room devoted to

tea & coffee, where the display of silver was also very great. The company straggled round in a *sans souci* style through the different apartments, or clustered together in groups. I reached home at a late hour after an amusing eve^{g} having seen many acquaintances, among others M^{r} A——'s German friends.

This morn^{g} M$^{r's}$ Lowell & Pouſsin called to go with us to Cardinal Fesch's gallery; not being admitted, we drove to the Vatican, which adjoins St Peter's. This, like the latter, is a world in itself & equally difficult to describe. The Gallery of Statuary is the finest in the world, & is filled with the rarest productions of the Greek & Roman chisel. The Apollo, the Laocoön &^{c}, I will merely say, did not disappoint me—for whose imagination can go beyond such creations! In the Apollo one leg is shorter than the other. I admire the Apollo so much more than the Laocoön as the idea it presents is agreeable; tho', I presume, the group displays more difficulty in execution. It is usually objected to the Laocoön, that the sons have rather the appearance of shriveled up old men than the look of childhood; for my own part I do not profeſs to be a critic in such cases. I must postpone mentioning what we saw in the different rooms 'till another visit renders it more clear; at present it is more intricate than any labyrinth.

After standing four hours at the Vatican, we drove to Rinaldi's shop, famous "*mosaicista.*" Here we saw some splendid pictures in mosaics; a large one, representing the ruins at

Pæstum, was truly magnificent; nothing could be more beautiful than the colouring & effect. All our busineſs over in the sight-seeing way, we drove to Baldi's to dinner, where Copley has rooms, of which we take advantage to get a better meal than is poſsible at home. Antonio prepares our breakfast & our dinner is served by a Traiteur; the number of strangers being so great, the best ones were engaged & we were obliged to be contented with a second rate one; consequently we fare but indifferently. An old woman takes care of our rooms &c. Should you visit the kitchen, which we did once, you would smile, tho' perhaps your appetite would suffer in consequence. But as we have two large *salons*, once adorned with moulding & gilding—plenty of faded finery—the floors covered with something called carpeting, & a broad stone staircase & Porte Cochère,—moreover as it is called a Palazzo,—we find ourselves well accommodated. It is number 3 in the Strada della Vita & a good situation, being but a short distance from the Corso. We were lucky in getting a decent carriage, so that most of our time is pafsed in the open air; & really I find our present situation not unpleasant. We quite live in the Italian style, &, excepting the want of a good dinner, do very well. The effects of last night's difsipation being still apparent, I must conclude.

XXVII

Rome, April 3d, 1834.

YESTERDAY we succeeded in seeing Cardinal Fesch's gallery of pictures which is one of the most extensive in Rome, containing some of the most beautiful productions — perhaps some poor ones too. A large proportion were of the Dutch school. It is a great pity with such large collections there should be no Catalogues. A Custode goes round, perhaps with a dozen parties at the same time, & you are all huddled in a bunch together—stopping & crowding round the same picture to hear all its history. There is no comfort in this; but I never knew it so unpleasant as in the present case. Usually they are too eager for the fee not to be very attentive.

We were shown Raphael's first production, representing the Flight of the Children of Israel. He painted the red of the brightest posible shade & the sky more intensely blue than is even common in Italy. We then drove to St Peter's to ascend the cupola. The gentlemen mounted to the very ball, but I was obliged to stop at the highest balustrade. The view from the middle balcony is very extensive, of all Rome & its environs. I gained, too, a better view of the Vatican, which is an immense pile of irregular buildings without any beauty of

architecture. The garden is curious, laid out in the quaint style common in this country—one division, however, is pretty, containing some fine trees & a fountain. You see also the "yellow Tiber" with its thousand remains of the past.

I was surprised at the kind of mosaics which adorn the upper part of the church; they are not closely fastened together by cement, as the pieces usually are, but have considerable intervals. They have been a great temptation to pilferers. I do not feel as if I could rob St Peter's, tho' at present engaged in collecting relics. The remains of the illumination were visible in many a broken & scattered lamp.

It is wonderful how the grandeur & magnificence of this structure come over you. Every time we enter we are more tempted to exclaim, How beautiful! how rich! The pictures, which are all in mosaic, with one exception, afsimilate perfectly with the various marbles & statuary. In colouring they are very good & are copies from the finest *chefs d'œuvre* in Italy — of course representing Scripture subjects. It is impofsible without actually seeing, to realize how the life and spirit of the master are preserved, in a material which must be so unmanageable. In fact, of some most difficult subjects, I have seen no copies any where to compare with them; as for instance Domenichino's magnificent painting of the Communion of St Jerome, & Guido's Archangel treading down Satan—& others. St Peter's contains several monuments to departed greatnefs or piety & one by Canova, erected to the

memory of Clement XIII, is adorned with those inimitable lions of which we so often see engravings—the sleeping one is my especial favourite.

After this we called on Mrs Gray, who we saw. She shewed us some shell cameo likeneſses of her children, by Dies, which were very pretty, as also, a good copy of the "Bella Donna"; but the best of all was her little girl dreſsed in the Albano costume. What with her funny expreſsion of importance, it was quizzical enough! Thence we drove to the Baths of Titus, built on the ruins of Nero's house. The ruins are considerable, & the frescoes, said to have afforded Raphael a study, are wonderfully preserved, considering the lapse of time; some of the colours & designs are quite fresh. They are near the Coloſseum, of which a hill close by commands a fine view, as well as of the Palatine Hill. We returned home by the Forum of Nerva & the Capitol.

This morn^g, after picking up Copley, we again drove to the Capitol, where we went over the Statuary & Picture galleries. In the Court is a bronze equestrian statue, remarkable for being the only one extant; there are also those of Castor & Pollux, with a horse on each side.

This Gallery is very rich in antique statuary. After paſsing thro', we came to the Hall of the Dying Gladiator, justly esteemed one of the finest pieces extant; in the same room is a magnificent Venus, the rival of the Venus de' Medici; a Faun, supposed a copy from Praxiteles; a celebrated Antinous, a

beautiful group of Cupid & Psyche, a majestic colofsal Juno, with a long *et cetera* of masterpieces which compose all the contents of the Hall. Among other interesting objects was a sarcophagus of Marcianus excefsively rich in bas-reliefs, & here was found the famous Portland Vase, I believe. "The Apartment of the Vase" contains a very magnificent one of immense size, richly worked, & a smaller of Bronze, said to have been once the property of Mithridates, King of Pontus; & also a mosaic of pietra dura of exquisite workmanship, found at Hadrian's Villa & of which Pliny speaks — it has furnished a subject too often, not to be easily recalled — three doves on a cup. After pafsing thro' the Court, and two rooms, one filled with busts of the Emperors & another with those of the Philosophers, we ascended to the Picture Gallery, as we thought; but found ourselves in a suite of private rooms, adorned with frescoes — none very good, however — & containing curiosities — two mosaic tables found at Hadrian's Villa, and bronze geese said to be representations of those that saved the Capitol, found at the Tarpeian Rock, which, I suppose, was authority enough for their history, &c. The Picture Gallery contains some fine things, among others, the two Sybils by Guercino & Domenichino. My cameo is of the former; as a painting, I think I like the last the best, tho' this is not quite according to rule.

We then ascended the Campidoglio with considerable more difficulty than we experienced at St Peter's. The view, like

that, is fine & interesting from taking in, at the same time, most all the interesting ruins. Here we met Mr Lowell with whom we dined; before which we went to Barberi's mosaic shop—he is most distinguished for the fine kind, as Rinaldi is for larger works. Nothing could be more exquisite than some of the specimens we saw there.

XXVIII

Rome, April 5th, 1834.

YESTERDAY the weather was rainy—for even in Italy are there such things as clouds; & clouds, too, which drop dampnefs. They did not, however, confine us to the house, & taking our friend Starke for guide, we first went to the Giustiniani Palace, where being told there was nothing to be seen, we proceeded to the Palazzo Mafsimi, where there are a few good pictures & a Statue of a Discobolus, considered very fine & found on the Esquiline Hill. The Palazzo Braschi is famous for its staircase & Hall. The Gallery is desolate in the extreme, & most of its contents ordinary; a fine Murillo, however, repaid us for our trouble. Thence we went on our way to the Palazzo Colonna, containing a magnificent Hall,

richly decorated, as well as some good paintings. After going for mosaics & cameos &c, to a Studio, where we saw several good landscapes, we adjourned to Copley's to dinner, where Mr Lowell joined our party.

We went in the first place, this morng, to the house of the Sigr Camuccini, to see his pictures which, tho' not numerous, are very fine. He has what he considers an original Magdalen by Correggio, like the one at Dresden—a small Crucifixion, by Guido, I particularly liked—but we must pafs on to the Palazzo Rospigliosi, famous for containing the finest fresco in Rome, consequently in the world; it adorns the ceiling of a pavilion or summer-house—the "Aurora," by Guido, a magnificent, spirited thing, brilliant in colouring, & notwithstanding its position, well preserved. This luxurious little building was in the midst of a garden scented with orange & lemon trees & actually perfumed with violets.

We then drove to the Tomb of Caius Cestius, just within the gates of Rome. It is in the shape of a Pyramid & the walls of inconceivable thicknefs, 30 ft & upwards. The remains of frescoes are still discernible on the ceiling. It has been considerably repaired in modern days. It is supposed to have been raised in the time of Agrippa & in the term of 330 days, according to the directions of its occupant. Near this stands the Protestant burial ground which, as usual, commands a fine view. Monte Testaccio, near, is a curious spot, said to be formed of remains of pottery long since deposited there.

Thence we drove to see what there is left of "S. Paolo fuori le mura," a short time since unaccountably destroyed by fire. It was the most ancient Basilica of the Christian world, owing its foundation to Constantine. The fire raged with such violence the marble was splintered to atoms. They are now most foolishly rebuilding it, the situation being so affected by malaria that only one person takes care of it; & tho' service is performed here once a week, very few persons attend. Two m^{s} farther stands "La Chiesa delle Tre Fontane," built on the spot & said to contain the block on which St Paul was beheaded. The Basilica is supposed to cover his remains. In this neighbourhood are two other Churches.

XXIX

Rome, April 7th, 1834.

HAVING lately suffered a little from a sore throat I have not so much enjoyed my sight-seeing in consequence. After breakfast this morn^{g} we drove to the Pontifical Palace, on the Quirinal, occupied during half the year by his Holinefs. It was fitted up with great magnificence for the Emperor of Austria, but is now, in a great measure, dis-

mantled. One room was furnished with a great number of large mirrors which, on his departure, were sold, being inconsistent with the simplicity of the Papal taste. It contains some good pictures; & the Chapel, besides being adorned with frescoes, has a fine Altar-piece, representing the Annunciation, by Guido, in his happiest manner. The face of the Angel is such as Angels should be, while that of the Virgin is full of submiſsion & sweetneſs. We did not see them to much advantage, many not being hung up. The Palace overlooks the City & is in the midst of a pleasant garden, which we walked over with great pleasure. The weather was mild & bright & the trees just bursting out. In one of the squares is a pretty mosaic pavement formed of different coloured pebbles, representing the Papal arms &c. Several Fountains vary the scene, one peculiarly odd — the roof composed of mosaics; on one side Vulcan at his forge, on the other various mythological statues—in the centre was an organ played by the water, which sounded very pretty. Fountains are a strong feature in Italian pleasure grounds, & in so warm a climate are peculiarly agreeable, affording so refreshing an air & that sound of "many waters" which we all enjoy of a quiet sultry day. They are so situated in a little bower or alcove, as to afford a most delightful retirement & shelter from the Sun. At one extremity of the Grounds is a Pavilion, fitted up for Summer most delightfully; & one peculiarity which also strikes me are the hedges, trained to a great height, along the walks

or against the walls, trimmed very close, affording an impervious shade & having the effect of a bower when the foliage meets, as it sometimes does; box, evergreens &c are generally used.

After this pleasant saunter, which was an agreeable variety from the more active sort of sight-seeing, we drove to the Villa Albani, one of the most magnificent about Rome; the Gardens much in the style of those I have just mentioned, & the house itself famous for containing some fine antique statues & being very rich in marbles. Before the Palace is an open portico, containing several Statues, representing the Roman Emperors, & one supposed to be intended for an Hour, &c. Among the many fine things, too numerous for description, we saw, were the Apollo Sauroctonos, presumed the work of Praxiteles, of which Pliny makes mention; a small sleeping figure; a magnificent alto relievo of Antinous, found at Hadrian's Villa, in profile & of so unrivalled beauty; several fine bas-reliefs, a Jupiter & the celebrated Pallas, of Phidias. The last is different, in the character of the face, from any I have seen. In the Gallery, on the other side, is a fine Sarcophagus, representing the marriage of Peleus & Thetis in bas-relief; superb columns, statues, busts, bas-reliefs &c, you must imagine in endlefs numbers & variety. The Billiard room contains two fine mosaics. All the rooms, galleries, porticoes &c are also to be guefsed.

XXX

Rome, April 9th, 1834.

MY sore throat continuing, I have somewhat rested from my sight-seeing labours. Yesterday morng, however, we went to a few shops with Copley: one for prints, at the corner of the Via Croci; & Paoletti's, the best man for sculptures; after which we took a drive, going out by St Peter's & returning thro' the Porta San Pancrazio.

In front of the Chiesa di Sant' Onofrio, belonging to the Emperor of Austria, where lie buried Tasso & other worthies, is a terrace, commanding a panorama view, finer than any one of the many we have yet seen of the City & its Campagna. A more superb object than the "Eternal City," with its thousand glittering cupolas, lofty obelisks & trophies of the past, I cannot easily conceive; & one extraordinary thing to us is the number & variety of Fountains, some modern & many antique, which constantly play in Rome. Their beauty, of course, must depend very much on the quantity of water with which they are furnished; & in this respect, those of the Piazza of St Peter's are unrivalled, as well as for the gracefulnefs of their form. Before this Church is a fine one, or rather I should say a large basin of water, falling as it were over three wheels. It was built by one of the Popes with ma-

terials from the Forum of Nerva & is supplied from Trajan's Aqueduct. In the centre of the Piazza Farnese are two baths of red granite, 15 f^t^ in length, found at Caracalla's Baths & now serving for fountains. The Piazza Navona, a great market place, contains two curious antique fountains, in which horses & gods spout water, but in too small quantities to be very sublime.

We then returned home, & this morn^g^ went with Copley to the Palazzo Costaguti, but I must confefs we were not rewarded for the trouble. We then drove to the Villa Barberini, on the grounds of which are the remains of the Villa of Sallust, a Temple of the Vestals & the spot where those unhappy wretches who broke their vows were entombed alive. The walls & roof are well preserved. After going to see the Church on the ruins of Diocletian's Baths, we returned to the house, rested a little, rec^d^ a visit from the Mifs Pattersons & drove to the Monte Mario, where stand the Villas Madama & Mellini—with the usual fine view that may be found in greater or lefs perfection, from the elevated parts of Rome. We returned by the Porta Angelica & so end the day's experiences.

XXXI

Rome, April 13th, 1834.

FRIDAY the weather being cold & rainy we did not accomplish much; but after going to a print shop & calling on Mrs Gray, returned home, where we found Lt Oberg. After which we drove on Monte Celio & then joined Copley at dinner.

Saturday we repeated our visit to the Borghese pictures, which lost none of their charms on a second inspection. The Gallery is very extensive, & strange to say, the only one in which is enjoyed the luxury of a Catalogue; the comfort of which no one can appreciate who has not tried to find out what is what, without.

Albani's four beautiful landscapes of the Seasons are in this collection; a superb portrait of Cesare Borgia by Raphael &c, &c. Admiring a Madonna & Child by Carlo Dolce, we were told of a lady who copied it very well—accordingly repaired to her studio, which was near. We went also to the Villa Borghese, one of the most magnificent in precious marbles, vases, tables &c as well as statuary; & containing besides a Temple (called that of Esculapius, from a statue found there), several Pavilions, circus, alleys &c. In the Hall is an alto relievo of Curtius throwing himself & horse into the ditch—the latter is an antique & said to be very fine; from Sallust's Garden, a sleeping

Hermaphrodite; an ancient copy of the Shepherd Martius extracting a thorn from his foot, Loves Asleep & an endleſs list. Hercules in every stage is in the second Hall; & the third contains a curious piece by Bernini—Daphne transforming into a Tree—the proceſs thus represented is odd. Besides a Circular Hall, is one filled with Egyptian antiquities.

There is one superb corridor containing an incredible quantity of the rarest marbles & alabasters—two magnificent porphyry sarcophagi, rich vases, tables of African granite highly polished, with many fine busts of the Emperors; on the whole perhaps the most beautiful Hall we have seen. We then took a drive to the Mons Sacer, going thro' the Porta Pia & croſsing the Ponte Nomentano. At the foot of the Mountain is the Temple of Jupiter, converted into a house; opposite was another, now in ruins. This was famous for being the spot to which the Plebeians retired in 492 B.C., in their contests with the Patricians.

I could not but think it a pity to be obliged to lie abed yesterday idly, when there is so much to be seen, but being indisposed could not do otherwise. However, I managed to rise for dinner *mais voilà tout!* Today Mr A—— & myself had a drawing taken of our phiz which Copley wishes cut in conchiglia. In vain I urge him to choose another subject—I confeſs my vanity was not all powerful to persuade me my profile would repay the pains—my better half answers better. This buſineſs over, we repeated our visit to Mgr Camuccini,

or rather to his pictures. After admiring them as much as on a former occasion, we proceeded to the Villa Doria Pamphili — the grounds of which are beautiful. The Italian style of gardening, whatever its faults, is admirably adapted to the climate; trimming their hedges & trees so as to gain excellent shade. Fountains there are, of course. The house is ordinary.

We returned over the Janiculum Hill & again admired the Church of Sant' Onofrio, or rather its fine view; after which we stopped to see that of S. Maria in Trastevere which stands on the site of a Roman Hospital. It is remarkable for being built in direct opposition to the rules of architecture; the pillars of fine antique Granite are of all orders & ornamented in every fashion. It contains fine frescoes by Domenichino, marbles & an ancient mosaic pavement & inscriptions.

XXXII

Rome, April 15th, 1834.

AFTER attempting in vain yesterday, to see several churches we repeated our visit to the Barberini Palace & again broke out into admiration at the treasures the little room I have described contains.

Thence we drove to the Vatican, where I am still much perplexed with the variety of rooms & contents. We first ascended to the Loggia, as it is called, beautifully painted in fresco by Raphael & his scholars. The subjects are principally Scriptural, & each in itself a finished picture, for expreſsion & beauty unrivalled; the arabesques, which are conspicuous ornaments, being of the most graceful & varied designs. Exposed as they are in a great measure to the weather, they are now much injured, & one can hardly admire them without sighing to think how soon they may be effaced. From the Loggia we entered the Stanze di Raffaello, likewise painted in fresco by the same great master. They consist of four large halls & the walls are adorned with subjects historical, miraculous & Scriptural. They afford a study to artists from all nations & probably so long as a trace remains will be the admiration of the whole civilized world. They, too, have suffered not only from dampneſs but ill-treatment, having been smoked considerably by German Soldiers who have used the Halls as barracks. The "School of Athens," which adorns the second Stanza, is generally considered the finest. It represents the Philosophers of Antiquity in such postures & with such accompaniments as to distinguish them. They are called the Sala di Costantina, the Sala di Eliodora, Sala della Scuola d' Atene & the Sala dell' Incendio; the whole were designed by Raphael, tho' aſsisted by his Pupils in colouring. The "Incendio del Borgo" was to me very striking, & the manner in which was depicted the

strong wind, wonderful. I forbear from any attempt at describing such works—since the impreſsion left on my mind will do them more justice than words. The rooms are open to visitors once a week, & are exceſsively cold & damp in comparison with the external air.

We then rapidly descended to the picture Gallery, paſsing thro' inimitable works in marble. This collection is not numerous but contains scarcely a picture which is not ranked as a "*capo d' opera*"—the Communion of St Jerome of Domenichino, & the Transfiguration being of the number. The latter is generally admitted the first, as the former is the second Painting in the world. The brilliancy of the colouring of the Transfiguration is greater than common even in this master's works & by some is objected to as unnatural; but the Country & circumstances considered render this satisfactory. The expreſsion of our Saviour's countenance, as well as that of the Apostles shading theirs from the celestial effulgence, must be seen to be fully understood. The Demoniac Boy beneath, & the Mother and group around, form as it were a separate composition.

Martyrdoms were a favourite subject with the great Italian Masters, & their frequent choice of these was probably owing, not only to the influence of a superstitious age, but their being ordered by Churches & Convents; as we know most of their great works were so destined. I cannot learn to admire these horrors, however, tho' treated by a Raphael or Titian. The Holy Family, in all its phases, was another & most lovely sub-

ject. Tho' many are the Travellers who weary of the Madonna & her Heavenly Infant, I confefs we never did.

The hour of closing arrived & left us no more time. One single glance we did catch of the Apollo & Laocoön. Here we met our friend Oberg & adjourned to St Peter's, where we generally finish our sight-seeing, & nothing can be more agreeable than after the wearinefs of standing, to resort to this majestic Temple, & seating ourselves, to gaze quietly around. It seems a sublime feature that at all times it maintains its own atmosphere—is warm & pleasant in winter & cool & delightful in hot weather. I admire, too, the Catholic custom of keeping their Churches always open—you enter at any hour unobserved, stay as long as you please & at sundown alone are the doors closed. A rigid Catholic must find it a luxury indeed, to be able thus to avail himself of the House of God. This morn^{g} we pafsed "Il Tempio di Pallade," partly buried under ground; of which two columns are visible & the finely ornamented frieze, containing in alto relievo a statue of the presiding Goddefs. Pafsing thro' the Arch of Gallienus, the least elegant of any remaining one, we proceeded to the Temple of Minerva Medica, so called from the fine statue of that Goddefs found there & now placed in the Gallery of the Nile, in the Vatican. These ruins stand in a garden & are considerable. The Temple must have been circular without & ten sided within, & was probably rich in statuary; many fine pieces having been excavated on the spot.

Thence we entered the Orti Farnesiani, as [it] is called, a part of the Palace of the Caesars, & amused ourselves some time with walking about & "marble hunting"—of pieces of marble these grounds are a mine, & many is the relic we have collected in giallo antico & nero antico. Some are fond of commemorating their visits to celebrated spots by a dried flower or prefsed leaf—commend me to the rare marble, or still rarer granite; tho' not too convenient perhaps for transportation.

We also went to the Church of S. Gregorio sul Monte Clio, built on the ruins of a Patrician House & retaining the form. Like all, it is rich in rare marbles; in the Garden are Chapels, one of which contains two frescoes—one by Domenichino, representing the Flagellation of St Andrew—& the other by Guido, of the Martyrdom of the Saint. They are said to be executed as a trial of skill; we preferred the former, tho' time has left but little trace of beauty. We returned home by the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons & the Forum Romanum, where the excavations are going on with some activity.

XXXIII

Rome, April 20th, 1834.

WEDNESDAY we went to the Vatican & then to Thorwaldsen's, Bienaimé's, Gott's & some other Studios. Copley has purchased a small seated Cupid with a Lyre, of the former; & an Angel, somewhat larger, of Bienaimé— both, in the original works, making part of a Group. Gott is an English Sculptor & peculiarly happy in dogs, particularly the light graceful Italian Greyhound; of him Copley took one with its whelps. Thursday, after going to the Pope's Printshop, where engravings of almost all the fine paintings may be found, we adjourned to the Vatican again. This is open to the public on Mondays & Thursdays, when all the world is admitted free, & a curious medley may sometimes be seen there of a fine day; & it is no uncommon thing to meet a party of peasants in their picturesque holiday costume gazing about & making their remarks, perhaps as just as those of the rich & proud. By means of a fee you may gain accefs on a private day, which is a better opportunity for studying the various objects.

After spending some time in the Loggie & the Stanze we pafsed to the Galleria Lapidaria, filled with curious inscriptions inserted into the walls, remains of statues, tombs, pil-

ars &c. Thence we entered the Gallery of the Nile, erected more recently by Pius VII & opened in 1822. It takes its name from a Statue, surrounded by 16 Infants, supposed to represent that River & the Height to which it rises; the Pedestal is covered with animals & plants to which its moisture gives life. It is presumed to have been executed in the days of Hadrian.

The Minerva Medica, before mentioned, stands here & is one of my prime favourites. A Cornucopia, Demosthenes & innumerable other statues are in this long Hall, ornamented besides with Columns of rich marbles, vases, bas-reliefs &c— besides which there is a fine antique, mosaic pavement, found in the Country of the Sabines. In the centre is Diana of Ephesus. From this you pafs to several small Halls, containing curious Egyptian antiquities & casts from the Elgin Marbles given by George of England to Pius VII. A vestibule containing the celebrated Torso, next attracts the Stranger. This fragment was executed, according to the Inscription, by Apollonius, & enough remains to excite the enthusiasm of Connoifseurs, but not sufficient to interest me. The Tomb of Scipio, of travertino, stands here. The next Hall contains a beautiful Vase of Grecian marble & a fragment of a female figure seated — much admired for the drapery. The Hall of Meleager contains a statue of this subject — much admired — with the right arm extended; a dog on one side & the head of a boar on the other.

By the Portico of the Court, containing enormous baths in

granite and basalt, sarcophagi, columns, statues &c, you approach the Hall of Animals, containing every creature you can imagine, in marble,—of which many are highly appreciated,—some vases & two verde antique tables. Thro' this to the right is the Gallery of Statues. A female figure sleeping & finely draped is much admired & called a Cleopatra; among the rest two philosophers seated are curious, from the chairs, which being cushioned show they were not entirely indifferent to comfort. Farther on are still two small Halls, containing busts & a statue of Jupiter holding the thunderbolt. Before returning thro' the Hall of Animals, the right leads to a beautiful, square room, of no great size & height, called that of Mosiac Masks with a painted ceiling. In the centre of the floor is the mosaic from which it takes its name & found at Hadrian's Villa; a rofso Tazza and chair; rich Porphyry seats & an excellent Faun also in rofso, with other fine statues. Corresponding to the Hall of Animals on the right, is another to the left as you enter, filled with similar objects; after which you proceed to the Hall of Muses, [so called] from the statues of them intermingled with Hermes of the Philosophers &c. The ceiling is finely painted & the Hall, which is circular, very handsome. Adjoining is another, containing a porphyry basin 41 Paris ft in circumference & found at the Orti Farnesiani; fine mosaic pavement from Hadrian's Villa & a large Statue of Juno; with another, representing that Goddefs as the Deity of Health, Augustus, Hercules & many others. Next to this is the Ves-

tibule of the Greek Crofs, containing Egyptian Antiquities, a fine mosaic pavement found at Tusculum, representing Minerva, & two immense porphyry sarcophagi. A statue of the Tigris, repaired by Michael Angelo, & another of the Nile in grey marble, are at the foot of the staircase, which leads to the Hall of the Candelabra & Sala della Biga. The former contains considerable statuary, magnificent vases of all descriptions, tripods, marbles, &c. The other has a superb Car, drawn by two horses—of which one is modern; this is peculiarly interesting, affording ocular proof of the sort of car used by the ancients, of which we hear so much. A Bacchus, Combatant &c fill the room. The Picture Gallery, of which I have spoken, lies next on yr pafsage.

On the Ground floor is the Hall of the Apollo, of the Laocoön, the Meleager, that of Canova's Perseus & of Damoxenus & Creugas — celebrated wrestlers of Antiquity. Thus end this day's experiences.

Friday we went to Dies' Shop for our cameos, & to one for marble slabs — every variety of which is sold here, & of the most beautiful kinds; the whole being concluded with dining at Copley's hotel. We also paid the Mifs Pattersons a visit & our peregrinations being performed on foot, for the first time, we had experience of the Streets of Rome which I shall pafs over in silence.

Yesterday we again went to the Vatican & paid our visit to the Library. Leading from the Galleria Lapidaria is a su-

perb suite of rooms, the ceiling of which is finely painted in arabesques. The books are held in prefses round the walls & are a most valuable collection. The MSS., 40,000 in number, include many rare works—the Bible in Letters of Gold, an ancient Virgil & Pliny, illuminated &c; Henry 8th's book, for which he recd the Title of "Defender of the Faith," Taſso's "Aminta" with corrections by himself, &c. After stopping a short time at St Peter's we went to the Capitol again, & admired its fine statues & pictures; concluding the morng with "*il giro di' muri*" which did not prove a very interesting promenade.

Friday was principally passed at home. Before dinner Mr. A—— & myself took a walk on the Pincian Hill, to see for the last time from that commanding spot the stately spires & cupolas of ever interesting Rome. The weather was fine even for Italy, & being Sunday, this favourite promenade was crowded with foreigners and Romans; peasantry with their gay dreſses enlivening the scene more than I can describe. On one side the Borghese Park, with its equipages & equestrians, was an animated spot.

Today we went to the Studio where formerly Canova worked. Here are plaster casts of most of his celebrated works & various marbles. Thence we paſsed to Dies' shop, Via Condotti, where are to be found in its different magazines, a large collection of what are here so appropriately called "oggetti delle belle arti"; comprising under this head, more

tempting articles than are to be found in any place in which I have ever been—things of value, too, as well as "elegant nothings." In one shop we saw some beautiful, large vases, —"tazzas" as they call them here; one of nero antico I liked particularly. They vary in cost from 1000 to 500 dollars. The artist was employed on a copy of the Warwick Vase, the workmanship of which was peculiarly good. It is the hardneſs of the stone as well as the difficulty of procuring it, which render those in "nero" so costly.

Our closing visit was also paid to St Peter's, & the true magnificence of the building is best described when you fully realize how much it grows on the Spectator every time; new beauty & new works in art, rich marbles & statuary seem to present themselves for the first time to the eye, for none can at once, admire all.

After taking a careful survey of the contents of the Vatican we went to see the Mosaic Manufactory under the direction of Sig^{r} Camuccini, who is now at the head of his profession as an historical painter. The establishment belongs to the Government & being only for large pictures, the pieces composing the mosaics are, of course, of comparatively great size & the effect near, coarse. The colours are neatly arranged each by itself, & are of composition. They are said to have 18,000 varieties—endleſs tho' they must be, this seems extravagant. I could not but regret the subjects, of which martyrdoms constituted a large part. We also went again to see

the Palazzo Sciarra & in the eveg took advantage of a fine moon to visit the Colofseum & ruins. Fine as they are under the dazzling sky of an Italian Spring, it is when softened & shadowed in the dim twilight, or still more, seen by moonlight, that they exert all their power on the mind, & can bring up their thousand afsociations of history and romance.

XXXIV

Foligno, April 24th, 1834.

AS you see, we are now fairly on our route to Florence, having left Rome on Tuesday at 10 o'clock in the morng.

Pafsing thro' the Porta del Popolo, we bade a long adieu to the "Eternal City," not without an internal conviction that we should one day repeat our pilgrimage to its Gates. We stopt at the "Iles Britanniques" on our way to say "Goodbye" to Copley who follows us in a few days. Before [it] was the party of an English nobleman, in their carriages. On arriving at Baccano, where we breakfasted, we counted six other private travelling ones, all bent on the same route. Forming part of such a caravan increases in no small degree

the excitement, what with the desire of getting on & the fear of losing good accommodations. The Taverns are not luxurious, seldom containing many desirable rooms ; we were lucky therefore, on arriving at Civita Castellana, to find a room bespoke by the English Courier with whom Antonio made friends. The first few m^{s} from Rome were, as they are in every direction, dreary & deserted, but as the day wore away the Country became more interesting & diversified with hill & dale. Civita Castellana is picturesquely situated on the summit of a M^{t}, commanding the valleys on every side. The situation of most of the Italian villages, or rather towns, is singular, perched as they are on the top of a steep hill, or perhaps rock ; where anciently they commenced their existence around a feudal Castle, on which they depended for protection & to which the inhabitants served as vafsals. The weather was mild & pleasant, the trees gradually bursting forth into leaves & blofsoms, vegetation being a much slower procefs here than with us where you know days, & one might almost say, a few h^{rs}, make so perceptible a difference. Ever since we have been in Italy we have seen the green buds, tho' now as we go north the leaf has not appeared. I imagine the temperature far more equal than with us, where are such changes from heat to cold. Much trouble must arise from the dust, the soil being generally light & showers rare excepting in the rainy season. Yesterday our journey was thro' interesting scenery, pafsing many towns of ancient origin

containing antiquities & vestiges of the past. We reached Terni, a considerable town, about 2 o'clock, & were again fortunate in finding accommodations. Here we remained the rest of the day to visit the "Cascata delle Marmore." After our lunch, we set off for this purpose in a Cabriolet with a pair of lame horses, which the wilds of Kentucky could hardly match. After a laborious ascent up a m^{t} very rough & steep, we took donkeys & a guide, to view the Falls from above; they are said to have been formed in the year 671 of Rome. In order to drain the Country, a pafsage was cut by which the waste waters were discharged into the Velino & thence into the Nar — forming a Cascade with three interruptions, & said to be from 7 to 800 f^{t} in height; to me it did not seem more than half that. There is a considerable body of water falling with a good deal of force & producing beautiful spray & rainbows.

Then we descended by a winding path to view them from below, where I could not but admire the luxuriance of the Valley, surrounded on all sides by m^{ts}, & opposite the Cascade, with the little blue River beneath. The path was shaded by fine large trees which made us think of our own forests, but what you cannot see are the vineyards, which trained from tree to tree & trimmed very close, so as to afford a support, must in summer make a beautiful trellis-work, when fully covered with leaves and fruit. We proceeded thro' a grove of orange & lemon trees to a Shop where eatables were sold, &

again ascending the narrow path, joined our splendid equipage & returned to Terni.

This morn^{g} we left at 5 o'clock & got the start of the various parties, reaching Spoleto at an early hour. Our road pafsed over the Somma, the highest point of the Apennines in this part. Here a pair of oxen afsisted us in ascending & it was our first acquaintance with these animals in this capacity; they are universally of an iron grey colour & have very large horns. The ascent was tedious enough.

Mountain scenery predominates, tho' after pafsing the Somma, the road was tolerably level. From our precaution in leaving so early we had time to take a walk before a single arrival; of these we have since counted no lefs than eleven. We slept at Foligno.

XXXV

Florence, April 28th, 1834.

WE left Foligno where we pafsed a comfortable night, at as early an hour as the preceding day, pafsing on our right, the town of Afsisi (famous for being the birth-place of Metastasio & St Francesco & also for containing some antiquities), & reached Perugia to breakfast; formerly the most

important of the Etrurian Cities & now the Capital of Umbria. The Cathedral contains good frescoes. The Hotel is quite comfortable & the only one, in fact, which deserves much praise. Of the luxuriance of the country I can convey no idea; nor of the cultivation, which struck us forcibly after entering the Tuscan dominions. The greatest care seems taken not only to make every thing thrive, but for the neatnefs of the fields & vineyards. Early in the afternoon we reached our night's quarters at Torricella, on the borders of the Lake Trasimenus, famous in clafsic history as the scene of Hannibal's victory over the army of Flaminius & also interesting from its own picturesque charms. The Lake is about 27 m^{s} in circumference; the banks rather bold & finely wooded; it contains several small Islands. We amused ourselves before dinner with walking in the vineyards on this beautiful & clafsic lake, congratulating ourselves occasionally on being the first arrival, as, tho' in so famous a spot, the Inn was miserably poor & small.

The next morn^{g} we were again up with the dawn & after riding some distance along the shores of the Lake—pafsing the Ponte Sanguinetto, so called from the effusion of Roman blood, the pafs by which Hannibal descended from the M^{ts}, & Spilonga, a village on the borders of the Tuscan dominions—we reached Ofsia, thus named from the bones of the soldiers slain by Hannibal, according to an ancient inscription, still discoverable there. Some suppose this the actual

scene of battle; tho' it appears more probable that the Romans only took refuge here after the defeat. It is a valley surrounded on three sides by considerable heights & on the other shut in by a formidable Lake. We breakfasted at Rigutino & paſsing thro' Arezzo, a town of ancient origin & still containing a good many inhabitants, we reached Levane to sleep; still more admiring the luxuriance & cultivation as we approached nearer Florence, which we reached early the next day.

XXXVI

Florence, May 3d, 1834.

COPLEY joined us last Thursday eveg. The next day was rainy so that we still deferred the commencement of our visits to the Florentine treasures. The next day was a fête, & we were still obliged to wait. By the word "fête" you must understand it so by the Calendar only & by no means neceſsarily so to the people; the Custode, however, are excused from attending strangers on these days. We employed the time accordingly in riding about, first going to the Cascine, as the fashionable drive of the Florentines is called—they are the Royal farms &, I believe, Dairy. It is a public promenade,

very extensive, with some of the most beautiful trees; & laid out with the greatest simplicity & good taste, with fine paths for pedestrians & delightful drives. The Grand Duke & his Court are to be seen here nearly every day. One part is devoted to a course. But the country around this fair City is indeed lovely in every direction & the general appearance of industry & comfort delightful, especially when seen in immediate contrast with Rome & Naples.

From the Cascine we drove to the Poggio Imperiale, a Royal Villa, at a short distance from the Porta Romana, commanding a lovely view of the surrounding country. The grounds are prettily laid out with shady walks & groves, & here for the first time, I heard melodious nightingales; an *orangerie*, too, afforded a pleasant perfume. The Gardens of Italy are delightfully laid out for a climate so oppreſsive, affording the combinations of shady walks, retired bowers, the sound of waters, & an endleſs variety of sweets.

We next visited the Boboli Gardens which are in the same style & boasting a still more extensive view; they belong to the Pitti Palace which we have still to see.

Yesterday, tho' another fête, we found the Gallery [in the Uffizi] open 'till noon. Accordingly we took advantage of the opportunity & proceeded thro' the Corridors to the Cabinets; the former contain various statues &c—many antique & some very fine. The walls, too, are nearly covered with pictures; none, however, remarkably good. From this long

corridor open the Halls, containing different valuable collections; we visited that of Sculpture of the 15th century, principally reliefs, & the Baroccio Hall adorned with four magnificent tables of Florentine mosaic. The one in the centre is octagonal & splendid indeed; it is said to have cost 40,000 sequins & to have occupied 22 workmen 25 yrs. Beautiful however as it really is, it seems as if this must be one of the stories which loses nothing in the telling. It is adorned with lapis lazuli, onyx, topaz, pearls & all sorts of valuables— the latter beautifully represent a bunch of grapes; butterflies, flowers, fruit & similar small designs are what usually ornament them. The difficulty of working the pietra dura as well as that of finding the appropriate colours constitute their costlinefs. For small things, such as ornaments, the Roman Mosaic is the most expensive as well as the most beautiful.

This Cabinet contains many *chefs d'œuvre* of painting; Carlo Dolce's beautiful Magdalen, & a Boy with a Monkey on his shoulder, are among them; the latter by Caracci. We pafsed also to that of Gems, containing a rare & beautiful collection, some formed into vases, tazzas, &c. The Cabinet of the Venetian School is on the same corridor & contains many fine pictures. Pafsing thro' those of the Dutch, French, Flemish & Italian Schools to the Tribune, we had the pleasure of paying our respects to the Queen of Love & Beauty, the ever wonderful Venus de' Medici, supposed the work of Praxiteles; the Apollino attributed to the same; the Dancing Faun restored

by Michael Angelo; the Arrotino, said to represent a Dacian slave preparing to flay Marsyas; & Wrestlers found with the Niobe. Of the unrivalled productions of Grecian Art it is unnecefsary for me to add my feeble note of admiration, suffice it to say, high as my expectations were raised, they were not in the least disappointed. The Venus, tho' broken in thirteen places, is so skillfully repaired as scarcely to injure it. The same apartment, which is of beautiful proportions, contains a collection of paintings not unworthy their position—the "Fornarina," St John, Holy Family, & others by Raphael. The former is said to be a portrait of his mistrefs & is very fine; the face is not similar to that in the picture of the same name in the Palazzo Barberini, but is generally preferred. The Infant Saviour receiving the adoration of the Madonna, by Correggio, is also here—but my intention not being that of noting all the fine pictures we see—an almost impofsibility in fact—I must leave the Tribune, which perhaps comprises more treasures in statuary & painting than any other room of the same size. Adjoining is the Cabinet of pictures of the Tuscan School.

After resting a short time we drove to Fiesole, a picturesque village perched on one of the peaks of the Apennines about 3 m^{s} from the Porta Pinta. After going about 2 in our carriage, we had recourse to the *traineaux* which are ready here to afsist travellers in the ascent. They consist of a sort of wicker basket on runners, drawn by a pair of oxen. They are very use-

ful for the road is extremely steep. Above the village the traces of an amphitheatre & a Temple to Bacchus may be seen; some fine Cipollino Columns remain of the latter, & here stood anciently a strong Etruscan Fortreſs. But what confers on this spot greater interest than the vestiges of the past is the magnificent view it commands, not only of the City itself, but of a vast extent of country in all directions, offering to the eye one of the most luxuriant prospects pofsible. The numerous domes & towers, the Arno winding thro' luxuriant Villas, vineyards, olive plantations & the different productions of a generous soil, with the m^ts^ in the background, seem spread out before you like a picture. A Convent of Franciscan friars has chosen this spot for its site & certainly shows good taste in the selection. Mr Brimmer accompanied us in the excursion.

This morn^g^ we repeated our visit to the Gallery & besides all we saw yesterday, we visited the Hall of Niobe & her Children; the Statue of herself & child taking refuge at her feet I decidedly prefer. Whether twelve or fourteen constituted the Group *originally*, seems undecided; among them now is a Psyche certainly not formerly one of the party, which are all now ranged round a Hall. The original position must have much increased their effect on the beholder, placed as it is supposed they were, on the portico of a Temple. The Dead Son is wonderfully fine. They were found at Rome near the Porta Ostiensis & are 16 in number including the Pedagogus.

In the afternoon we drove to the Careggi de' Medici, in

company with Mr Brimmer. It is about 3 ms from the City & interesting from having been the favourite retreat of Lorenzo the Magnificent & in which he formed those plans for the advantage & improvement of his Country. There is something in the afsociations with the illustrious dead which hallows the scenes they dwelt in. The room in which he breathed his last is pointed out to the Traveller. In itself nothing can be more delicious than the Villa, or more cool & refreshing than the situation, its vicinity to the Gulf of Spezia almost always affording it a refreshing breeze. It stands in so elevated a valley that it slopes down to the City on every side but one, where rise lofty mts abounding in cultivation & buildings. Of the magnificence of the environs of Florence we have all heard, but the reality exceeds the picture I had formed in my imagination, & the Season was such as to adorn every scene with fresh charms. The weather seems to have undergone a complete change, having become extremely warm—in fact every one represents Florence as a very oppreſsive climate; probably from its situation, in a valley with mts encircling it in every direction.

The next day was Sunday & we visited the Pratolino, a royal Park about 6 ms from Florence on the Bologna Road. It is the most charming of all the Ducal villas we have seen —or rather park, as house there hardly is. The grounds are very extensive & laid out with excellent taste; nature constitutes their chief charm. It contains several sheets of water,

the murmuring, lulling sound of which is, to me, always very delightful. The nightingale, too, very abundant in the environs of the City, had chosen it for its own; the graceful Swan & the Gilded Peacock seemed privileged guests. Grottos, ornamented with shells & formed of petrifactions, offered a cool retreat from the noontide sun, & a Statue of the Apennines, 60 f^{t} high, of terra-cotta rose majestically lord of the Domain. I think I have rarely pafsed a more quietly delightful morn^{g} than in sauntering over this magnificent Park, which nature & art have delighted to embellish. In the afternoon we took a long drive in the Cascine which appears more delightful on each succefsive visit; it was filled with carriages, equestrians & humble pedestrians—all in holiday attire & with cheerful countenances. Mr Brimmer was a member of the party.

Monday we again repaired to the Gallery. It was the public day & besides what I have before mentioned seeing, were the Cabinets of Modern & Antique Bronzes. Among the former are fine copies of the statues in the Tribune & a celebrated original—a Mercury by Giovanni di Bologna; of the Antiquities are a superb pedestal highly ornamented, a Roman Eagle which belonged to the 24th Legion, idols, culinary & household utensils, with a long *et cetera* of curiosities particularly interesting as throwing light on the fashions & usages of the olden days.

Yesterday we devoted to the Palazzo Pitti, & then pro-

ceeded to the Church of S. Lorenzo, in itself nothing remarkable, but the Cappella de' Principi, designed by Michael Angelo, contains some fine productions by that great artist, ornamenting the different Sarcophagi; a recumbent statue of Daybreak & another of Twilight, with the statue of the Prince on the Tomb of Lorenzo de' Medici; & the Monument of Giuliano de' Medici, brother to Leo X, besides a statue of the Duke, is ornamented with one of Day & another of Night. There is also a Madonna & Child by the same, in an unfinished state, but the Cappella de' Medici, adjoining the Church & not yet completed, is beyond description splendid. The building is octagonal & incrusted with pietra dura. The ceiling is finely painted & six sides ornamented with sarcophagi of oriental marble, after the designs of Michael Angelo; the bodies are, however, deposited below. It shows, however, the selfishnefs of pride to construct so costly a mausoleum instead of laying out the millions it has swallowed up on some more useful object. This was the remark made to me by a Florentine Nobleman.

The venerable Church of Santa Croce next claimed our attention. It is particularly interesting from the monuments to departed genius—to Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Alfieri, Dante & other distinguished worthies; for tho' the Ghibelline Poet was banished from Florence, she would gladly have his bones within her walls. After admiring this old Gothic edifice we drove to the Cascine & today we have spent in going to the

Gallery & to the Accademia delle Belle Arti. There is here a large Manufactory of pietra dura which we visited & truly beautiful are its productions. Nothing can be more magnificent than the pieces designed for the Altar of the new Cappella de' Medici; the ground is of lapis lazuli & the designs formed of precious stones at infinite cost of labour & money. We also saw a Table, the ground of Porphyry, valued at 20,000 sequins. It is, however, a Ducal establishment.

The Accademia is for the encouragement of rising genius & is furnished with all the necefsary means. It contains a collection of old paintings, some of which are fine.

We also went to Greenough's Studio, where we saw his model of Washington. He is represented sitting & entirely undraped, one arm raised & the other extended. There was something excefsively awkward in it, I thought, & out of character. I am sure Washington would have been in a hurry to put on something could his spirit have looked upon his cast! I could not but confefs myself disappointed both in manner & execution, but he told us he was going to make a different model, which will be more happy. Excepting a cast of his Group of "Chanting Cherubs" we saw nothing very pretty.

We then drove to Pisani's, a famous sculptor of Alabaster, but it does not do to see this material after marble. We saw a great quantity of ornamental things.

XXXVII

Florence, May 9th, 1834.

YESTERDAY was Ascension & a *really* grand fête for high & low, consequently the Galleries & Palaces were closed & the whole world flocked to the Cascine & we included among the number. It is the custom for every one, from the Duke to the Peasant, to go there to breakfast on the grafs. We went about 8 o'clock, not for that purpose ourselves but to see others. The concourse of persons was great & still more numerous in the eveg between six & seven; I never saw a more beautiful sight. I have already described this delightful promenade & the fine view around; the Arno on one side & the mts on the other; added to this the vast number of handsome equipages of every kind & description, some with four horses, postillions & outriders; the many equestrians both ladies & gentlemen, & the gay multitude on foot; groups of every degree,—the peasantry dreſsed with the greatest neatneſs & taste, some with the large straw hat, for whose manufacture they are so famous, others in the still more becoming black beaver, ornamented with plumes. I assure you the gentlemen of the party look very sharp for the black-eyed Tuscan girls, with their good-natured, smiling countenances. Many were partaking of refreshments at little

tables placed in the shade, & altogether it was a very gay, happy scene it would have been a pity to lose. We dined on our return with Mr Brimmer where we met Greenough—strawberries graced the defsert.

Today we went to the Museo di Storia Naturale, famous for its anatomical preparations in wax, executed with such perfection as to answer all the purposes of subjects. We walked rapidly thro' a few of the rooms—of which there are twenty filled with these preparations. I had no desire to examine any, however. There is also a fine collection of specimens of mineralogy. The other departments of Natural History are not so fine—representations of such sorts of plants as cannot well be dried, also in wax, are excellent, but the Plague is so faithfully delineated in the same material as to be any thing but an agreeable object. Thence we visited the Gallery & then drove to Prince Poniatowski's Palace to see his collection of pictures, but being too late for admifsion returned home. After resting some time we went to a shop on the Lung' Arno, as the street along the River is called, to see specimens of pietra dura tables, which we concluded were not handsome in proportion to the price. The Alabaster work with which Florence abounds will not compare with the rich marbles of Rome, & the mosaic, unlefs large & most costly specimens, is not as beautiful for execution & design as that of composition. After going to a picture dealer's we finished the morng with a ride in the Cascine.

XXXVIII

Florence, May 10th, 1834.

YESTERDAY we were more succesful in seeing Prince Poniatowski's picture Gallery—in which are some good ones. Meeting Mr & Mrs Sheldon, they invited us to accompany them to a Villa about a mile from Florence, belonging to Prince Demidoff, a Rusian. Tho' a pretty spot, it was not remarkable unles for the fine accommodations for his horses. We were shown the stables which are arranged with rather more attention to elegance than is usually considered necessary, even for noblemen's horses. On our return we went to the Palazzo Pitti, after which we adjourned to the Hotel where we met Mr Brimmer. A visit to Mrs Sheldon, who left this morng, & a drive in the Cascine—ended the day.

XXXIX

Florence, May 13th, 1834.

SUNDAY was very warm & was spent quietly at home. In the eveg we took our usual drive in the Cascine, which we were obliged to abridge as we expected Mssrs Brimmer &

Greenough to dine. The latter, however, disappointed us. Our morng yesterday was pafsed at the Pitti & again did we ride in the Cascine, where a good deal of game is kept. Sometimes a partridge, at others a pheasant would skip acrofs our path—neither quite wild nor yet tame, but seemingly conscious he would not be disturbed in the abode allotted to him. A pretty sight it is to see these graceful creatures so lively & carelefs of their enemy—man.

Today we set out early to see all we could for the last time. First we went to the Corsini Palace, where is a large & valuable collection of pictures. It is peculiarly rich in Salvator Rosa's works as well as those of Carlo Dolce; the "Poesia," considered among his very best, is here.

One thing has forcibly struck me in this master's paintings: when first we began to visit the collections, nothing to our eyes was half so beautiful; the exquisite finish, the colouring, its brilliancy & the beauty of his faces, all delighted us. We could detect a Carlo Dolce at half a glance & in short he was our favourite of all the Roman Masters. By this time, however, we begin to tire of the samenefs of his Madonnas & Saints & to prefer the greater force & variety of some others, still higher in the art. So it is; greater experience corrects one's first errors of taste & judgement. Greenough said when the English first come to Florence they admire nothing so much as Carlo Dolce's paintings.

We then went to the Pitti. As yet I have not attempted

to describe this princely establishment, by far the richest gallery in the City—beautifully arranged & open to Strangers in the most liberal manner. The attendants are not allowed to receive any fee & it is always open from 9 'till three, & in winter, warmed. The gallery consists of fifteen rooms & among the multitude of pictures with which the walls are covered you would be puzzled to find one you could call ordinary; the lovely "Madonna della Seggiola" may be found here. I shall not undertake a list even of the names of these masterpieces—but only wish my friends one day the luxury of a promenade in these splendid Halls, which are large and lofty, containing rich tables of Florentine mosaic and of scagliola — a sort of composition painted; it is now, however, but little used. Canova's Venus is in one of the smaller rooms & a beautiful creature she is. I confefs I find the face as full of lovelinefs as that of its more celebrated rival—the Venus de' Medici. A few pictures in pietra dura hang in the Anterooms but are rather curious than beautiful.

A small bath room, most luxuriously fitted up, was what I especially coveted—the walls hung with white silk & the details all of exquisite taste. The gardens I have before mentioned; the building itself is not beautiful in its proportions, but mafsive & imposing. It is very large & was commenced by a private individual; in fact it is a truly noble residence & apparently maintained on a princely footing.

We then paid our parting respects to the beautiful speci-

mens of art in the Gallery, after which we returned to the Hotel quite weary with seeing & *admiring*. In the eve^{g} we rec^{d} a visit from Greenough & thus ended our experiences of Florence, which in my opinion would be the pleasantest City in Italy for a residence. The environs are exquisitely beautiful, the Streets neat & well paved & the whole Country bears the appearance of the greatest prosperity & happinefs—an aspect always agreeable to witnefs.

XL

Bologna, May 17th, 1834.

WE left about 9 o'clock Wednesday morn^{g} & reached Bologna at an early hour on Thursday. Nearly all the way the road paſses over the Apennines, which constantly diversify the country, which is certainly very beautiful, uniting the grandeur of M^{t} scenery to the luxuriance & rich cultivation of the Italian landscape. The Apennines are generally covered with vegetation, tho', as if to render it more striking by contrast, the loftier or rocky peak occasionally lifted its threatening summit above the neighbouring m^{ts}. We often rode on a narrow ridge so lofty as to command the valleys on

both sides, sprinkled with cottages & villages & surrounded with vineyards & fields of grain. A rather uncommon circumstance is the number of fine large trees, a feature usually wanting in the Continental landscape; perhaps the progreſs of vegetation rendered the ride more delightful. The rain, too, which fell the first day we left, gave a freshneſs & brilliancy to every object; the leaves, however, have not yet attained their full size. We slept at Pietra Mala. Our accommodations were miserable; perhaps not worse than usual at common country Inns. We reached our night's quarters about 5 o'clock, the weather having just commenced raining. M^{r} A—— & myself were attacked with a severe headache, accordingly were glad to retire to our couch, poor as it was. We arrived in Bologna last eve^{g}.

This morn^{g} we engaged a carriage & a *valet de place*, & set out to see the curiosities of the City. We went first to the Accademia delle Belle Arti, where there is a valuable collection of pictures of the Bologna School, which counts among its ornaments Guido, Guercino, Albani, Domenichino & others. The works of the latter are truly grand, & some of his finest still are here. St Cecilia listening to a choir of angels is also here, by Raphael. On our road we paſsed the curious towers of Asinelli, both of which incline considerably; they were erected in the 12th Century. The appearance of Bologna is curious. It is a very old town & most of the buildings fine, but the Porticoes on each side of the streets give it a sombre

look. We also drove to the Campo Santo, about a mile from the City; the environs are level & extremely rich & luxuriant. We visited the Church & the repository of the Dead, the latter much on the principle of that at Pisa. It is built round a square, & they are enlarging it. I so much like this quiet, peaceful repose for the departed, with all the solemnity & sacredneſs of a Church, & at the same time the fresh graſs field & beautiful nature around, with the sun to rise & to set on our last long home. We also visited three or four galleries of pictures for sale, some of which we thought very fine. Copley bought a Sleeping Infant by Guido. We then returned to dinner, after which we drove in the Montagnuola, as a pretty promenade, in the middle of the City, is called. The rain, however, which began to fall sent us home. Bologna poſseſses fine old churches & numerous Palaces; the former are adorned with paintings, marbles & other Curiosities.

The Streets looked clean, thanks to the rain which has fallen so abundantly. The Church on the Monte della Guardia, which we visited, is very singular. It stands on a high hill to which a portico, composed of 640 arches, leads. Three m^{s} it is in extent & was the work of different private individuals.

XLI

Venice, May 19th, 1834.

THE next day Copley left us at noon & we soon followed, reaching Ferrara to sleep. The Country was perfectly level & luxuriant as we had before found it. The same high cultivation prevailed, & the road, shaded by fine large trees, seemed rather like an avenue through a gentleman's grounds than any thing else. At Ferrara we visited the Cell where poor Tafso was confined nearly 8 years, & a wretched, dismal prison house it is. Around the door we traced the name of many a well-known character who had paid the tribute of a visit; among others that of Lord Byron was conspicuous. The Cell was formerly the lower part of a Tower, standing in a garden, & around which modern buildings, now used for a Hospital, have gradually grown up.

We then visited the Council Hall, or a building which may as well answer to that term as any other, to see some frescoes by Guercino. What, however, pleased me more were one or two pictures by Garofalo. Thence we went to the Cathedral, in itself not striking, but containing, of course, good pictures by Garofalo also; the light, however, was such as to conceal much. In fact the Churches in this Country are filled with these fine old treasures of art, half the beauty of which is lost

from their position in these immensely lofty; dingy edifices, where sometimes you can only trace the outline of a picture you may have come a great way to see. The Catholic service, depending so much on all outward pomp & addrefsing itself, in so great a measure, by the senses to the mind of man, may perhaps stand in need of all these embellishments for its Temples, but it seems a pity that the originals could not be placed in galleries or where they could be seen & appreciated & their place supplied by good copies, which in the distance might serve as well—in fact this plan in Rome has been followed in a measure. Garofalo was a native of Ferrara, as well as Ariosto, whose house, tomb &c are pointed out to the curious traveller.

The next morn^{g} we arose at an early hour, & were much delighted with a nightingale, singing most lustily. We went to purchase the little songster & succeeded, meaning to offer him to Copley—thus far he makes an excellent traveller. We left our Hotel, I Tre Mori, very gladly, for it proved any thing but comfortable; crofsed the Po on a Pont Volant, & reached Padua, pafsing thro' Rovigo, & a very pretty town, after which we crofsed the Adige in the same way. The road continued quite as level as the preceding day, tho' the scenery changed very much the last two or three posts. The road lay along the Canal, which goes from Ferrara to Venice & is bor-[dered] by a great many fine looking houses to the right. In the distance was a good view of the towering Alps. It being

Sunday the peasantry were arrayed in their best attire & are certainly a good looking people, at least when thus seen—with eyes so black & piercing that it seems as if they might see farther & say more than others lefs expreſsive. The different costumes are extremely becoming; usually of very brilliant colours, most fantastically trimmed with ribbons & topknots & the whole set off by hats sometimes of straw or beaver & still oftener the head covered with the far more graceful veil, of black or white according to the taste of the wearer. What a pity it appears to the lover of the picturesque in costume, that the modern & inelegant contrivance of a *bonnet* is taking place of the long muslin or lace veil which within a few y^rs^ was the universal head-dreſs of the women of both high & low degree in this part of Italy! Still I should never have suspected the fact from the numbers we saw, had I not been so informed.

After all it seemed as if the poor peasants spent their Sunday in a rational way. They attend Maſs several times in the day, the rest of which they devote to walking quietly about with their family or friends, perhaps enjoy a little better dinner, or take a somewhat more luxurious refreshment on the graſs, than of a week day. It is to them a fête, literally, not in the groſs signification of the term, in which exceſs is a matter of course—but one marked by religious duties performed to the best of their knowledge, and kindly feelings nurtured. And honestly, all romance apart, as far as we could dis-

cover so it really was. Noise & drunkennefs are things thus far we have seen nothing of.

Padua is a large & bustling place. A square planted with trees presents itself soon after your entrance & the Cathedral struck me as a singular medley of buildings, cupolas & towers. As we again pafs thro' Padua, we postpone what we have to see 'till our return & this morn^{g} bade adieu to the Stella d'Oro, where we lodged & which we found comfortable.

About 1 o'clock we reached Mestre. The road still ran along the Canal, on both sides of which are villas & houses of every description. After some little delay at this place, we engaged a Gondola, with four oarsmen, to carry us to Venice, a distance of 5 m^{s}; which we accomplished in an hour & ½ about. The motion of the boat was peculiarly lulling & pleasant, tho' I must confefs to a little disappointment in the fitting up. As you approach Venice & see her rising from the water the effect is like magic; but on entering the City & beholding palaces crumbling to dust & once comfortable habitations retaining their original proportions & nothing more, it seems as if the Ghost alone of this mighty Queen of the Adriatic remained to afsert her dominion. Having just landed I must break off.

XLII

Venice, May 24th, 1834.

ON Tuesday we went to the Accademia di Belle Arti. The first thing to be done is to engage a Gondola with a couple of Gondolieri; nothing can be imagined more luxurious than this mode of transportation. They are fitted up with cushions, blinds & glaſses which in case of rain are an entire protection, while, at the same time, the top removes at pleasure. It is to me the land of romance & dreams, still the city of mystery & of silence. The Gondolas flit quietly over the water, & save the song of their boatmen, scarce a sound rises to your shaded balcony—no noise of carts & carriages—of steps & bustle—all is hushed, save the rippling of the water & the splash of the oar. Gondolas from every side shoot out & paſs with dexterous skill, the occupant shrouded in mystery, & scarce heeding aught but his own thoughts. Proud palaces lift their heads—with their balconies & jalousied windows. Veiled women hurry to the ever open Churches—& monks & friars still constitute a large part of its busy throng. All remains the same as in its days of pomp & pride, but the spirit that animated & enlivened Venice has fled forever; humbled and degraded, it is now but the skeleton of the past, and not a step but bears the trace of its rapid decay—indeed it

seems as if in a few years the sea would claim it for its own.

Venice is different to me from any other place we have seen; much as I anticipated, it has far exceeded my expectations, particularly in its power of calling up asociations. The Grand Canal runs thro' the middle in the form of an S, varying in width, which is sometimes as great as a mile; the others are much narrower, commonly about as broad as common streets; very few have anything like sidewalks, the steps of the houses projecting into the water & serving as landing places. Here horses, cows, carriages, carts & any animal larger than dogs are unknown, unlefs it may be a few stray donkeys. The City is built on piles of wood, placed on the small Islands, which seemed put here for the purpose. The streets are crofsed by innumerable bridges, of which the well known "Rialto" is the most remarkable, on account of its position & construction. It crofses the Grand Canal & consists of a bold arch allowing all boats to pafs beneath. It is now, as formerly, furnished with shops on both sides—not, however, as once, the resort of Merchants from every distant clime; but the petty stand of pawnbrokers & usurers. The only articles for which Venice is now celebrated are fine gold chains of a very simple pattern & bead work of different sorts—a poor exchange for all her former manufactures.

The Canals are crowded with gondolas & small craft of every description & the skill of the Gondolieri is extraordinary in guiding their somewhat awkward boat round the

short corners & avoiding all sharp *rencontres* with those in the opposite direction. They push forwards, which seems a measure peculiar to the Venetians.

The Accademia contains some splendid pictures, among others the Aſsumption & the Presentation of the Virgin Mary at the Temple, by Titian. The latter is a very magnificent production &, for optical deception, really extraordinary. Every thing stood out with the vividneſs of real life, & the perspective of the Temple itself is perfect. As a whole I can conceive of nothing finer. The little child, in all the meekneſs of innocence, slowly ascending the steps, the majestic figures of the priests receiving her at the head, the groups of people below, the Temple seen at a little distance, with people anxiously gazing from the windows, to say nothing of more minute details, form a whole, if the colouring & execution of the Master be added, which at once absorbs the attention of the beholder. Venice is rich indeed in paintings of her own masters, but, melancholy as it really is, they too seem to be suffering from the decay which is fast consuming the City, probably occasioned by the dampneſs which is constantly arising from the water. This is the only satisfactory method in my mind of accounting for the fact of their being so much more injured here than elsewhere.

After sufficiently admiring the other fine pictures contained in the Accademia, we repaired to the Square of San Marco, so often pronounced the finest in the world. Excepting per-

haps that of S[t] Peter's, it could, I imagine, find no competition. It is large & surrounded on the sides by rows of buildings of the rich Venetian architecture of different ages; at one extremity is the Basilica di San Marco & before it are the poles on which the flags of the Republic once floated, and the Campanile, a Tower upwards of 300 f[t] in height. The lower parts of the buildings are used for Shops & *Caffés*, & the square of an eve[g] is an extremely gay spot, parties of ladies & gentlemen taking ice or sherbet at little tables in the open air; vast numbers of people strolling about, some for pleasure, others with refreshments of different kinds for sale; musicians, *improvisatori*, fortune-tellers, all jostling one another to & fro. The turbaned Turk, the Greek, the Jew—all of every nation still congregate here. We pafs our eve[gs] in this popular resort & in rowing from place to place. The moon, which is now in her glory, has a fine effect on the Scene. Like Rome it is one of its phases in which this City is seen to the greatest admiration.

The Palaces bear marks of ancient splendour, but now, alas! are mostly fast going to destruction; many are quite uninhabited & without either windows or doors. It seems as if but in a little while the place that knows them would know them no more. The Venetian architecture is light & elegant; partaking, I should think, more of the Eastern than European style. One might say this, indeed, of the City itself, had it not peculiarities which will ever give it a place apart among the

Cities of renown. Moonlight shows you no defects—it throws a graceful veil over the ravages of time; at the same time, real beauties are not lost.

But I have anticipated. After finishing our ice we went with Mr Brimmer to a picture dealer's,—then visited S. Mark's. The interior is curious, the ceiling covered with ancient mosaics & the walls & floor incrusted with precious marbles. Many of the pillars are said to have once adorned Solomon's Temple & many are undoubtedly Saracenic, being spoils won by Venice in the days of her glory from Constantinople; 4 small pillars of a yellowish Stone, curiously carved, & 2 of alabaster, besides several bronze Doors, once belonged to S. Sophia. The disposition of the Church is very singular & consists of the three Cupolas in the centre besides one on each side. On the portico stand the four celebrated bronze horses, said to be the work of Lysippus. They originally belonged to Corinth, where they are presumed to have ornamented the Temple of the Sun, from which they were taken by the Romans. Byzantium was their next destination, from which they were brought to Venice. After their journey to the French Capital, they have remained tranquil in the present site—but which is extremely unfavourable. Before the entrance to the Square stands the Winged Lion—once & still the arms of the City!

Wednesday we went to the Palazzo Barberigo, where Titian painted for many years, & where he also died. Several of his paintings still adorn his former studio, but they are so faded

& injured by time or neglect as to retain scarcely more than the shadow of their former self. A Venus, which is in the best preservation of all, is very fine; the Magdalen, too, is considered beautiful. We then went to the Chiesa de' Frari which, besides some of Titian's fine pictures & those of other artists, contains a monument to the memory of Canova by the different nations of Europe, & is one he modelled for Titian, to whom, however, it was never erected. It represents the genius of Canova resting on the Winged Lion, & on the other side Statuary, Painting & Architecture lamenting the lofs of their favourite. A simple inscription alone marks the spot where the great Titian reposes,

"Qui giace il gran Tiziano de' Vecelli,
Emulator de' Zeusi e degli Apelli."

The Church contains many monuments to the heroes of the Republic, who are dearer to glory than to us, it is to be hoped. Canova was a Venetian, born in a village a little distant from the City. It is an honour of which she has proved herself worthy by showing how highly she appreciated his genius & his character—one in which the blemishes are lost in its brightnefs. He is one of the great who truly deserve the epithet.

We visited also the Church of the Madonna della Salute, so called because built during the great plague in Venice. It contains also many fine pictures and a superb altar composed of pietra dura, as well as other curiosities.

This Church is of a fine style of architecture, tho' unfortunately not completed, or rather, instead of the intended marble pillars, plaster have been substituted. We then returned to dinner, & in the eve^{g} went to take our ice at San Marco, after which we rowed about for an hour in search of a little fresh air as well as to see the harbour.

I must not, however, forget our walk in the Governor's Garden. One side of the Piazza di San Marco is occupied by his Palace, & adjoining quite a pretty promenade extending to the water's edge, the work of Napoleon, as are all the modern improvements of Italy.

Thursday we accompanied Mr Brimmer to the Arsenal, formerly so important an establishment, when the Venetian Republic was in its pride; now interesting from the afsociations which surround it. The armoury is well worth seeing. It contains many trophies won by the citizens from the Turks & other enemies, besides ancient arms of every description & instruments of torture you can hardly see without a shudder, when you think of all the poor victims which they have forced to confefs crimes of which perhaps they never dreamed. They consist of all sorts of screws & pincers for the different members, besides a kind of case in which the body was placed at the time of confefsion; the head-piece of iron was furnished with pins of the same material—for whose admifsion there were various holes in different positions.

I afsure you these sights of cruelty made me feel sick at

heart, & we could not acknowledge it unjust that a Government depending for its security on such degrading means should sink to rise no more.

The Barge used by Napoleon & that of the Empreſs were also pointed out to us, as well as that of the Doge, which appeared on Ascension Day, when the ceremony of Marrying the Adriatic took place. It was a large galley splendidly decorated in every way & ornamented with precious stones & gilding. During the French sway the gold was taken away & the original boat burned; the one we saw was, in comparison, a miniature copy. But the French did not often disgrace their conquests by these acts of tyranny; usually, as far as the traveller of the present day can judge, it seems as if Napoleon had marked his power by splendid improvements & the correction of abuses. All that Napoleon did & intended to do has really thrown the world forward a hundred or two years.

The heat was so oppreſsive we were glad to hasten to some cooler spot, & after the deliberation due to the subject, we concluded a Palace would answer better than any thing else. Accordingly we drove to the Manfrini, which contains a gallery rich in pictures of the various Italian schools & containing some of the Flemish also. The whole appearance of the establishment was agreeable. It seemed maintained on a very respectable footing & was very neat & clean, a circumstance not quite universal in Italian Palaces. Then we drove to the Scuola di San Rocco, in which Tintoretto painted for 30 y^{rs}; and

to see the quantity of canvas covered by his pencil you would hardly have supposed it poſsible the life of one man could have accomplished so much. Like the other pictures here, unfortunately, these splendid productions are much injured by time and neglect. The Crucifixion is very large & powerful & is in better preservation than the others. In the middle is Our Saviour on the Croſs & the thieves on each side; in the foreground are two Roman Soldiers casting lots for his vestment, with other groups finely depicted. The whole is one of the most splendid works the art can reach. This Master's productions are never surpafsed for vigour & effect.

We returned home & were joined at Dinner by Mr Brimmer, with whom we went in the eveg to the Piazza again. On one of the buildings composing this square, there is a Clock before which is a representation of the Madonna & Child, gilt; & during one fortnight in the year, every time the hour strikes during the day, three figures walk in proceſsion round the Virgin & making a reverence they disappear thro' a contrary door from which they enter; as it happened we saw it on its last appearance positively. After our customary ice & a delightful "promenade" on the water we returned home.

Yesterday mornG was devoted to the Ancient Palace of the Doges; it joins the Church of S. Marco. It is of a curious style of architecture, but, for fear of displaying my ignorance, I refrain from giving any order. It is built round a square; one side is uncommonly rich in carving & ornament. We ascended

the grand staircase, at the landing place of which the Doges were crowned. Along the porticoes were the famous *bocche di Leone*. The Lions' heads are gone, but the holes still remain into which secret accusations were thrown. These were not all, however, for every story was furnished with tyrannical facilities for secret information. The Great Council Hall, now used as a Library, is enriched with fine pictures by the Venetian Masters; the ceiling is peculiarly rich. One end of the hall is entirely occupied by Tintoretto's immense picture of Paradise; there is, however, such a want of clearneſs in the plan as entirely to destroy the effect. It seems a great medley of figures & faces—parts & groups are certainly very fine. Thence we paſsed thro' the other Council Halls. The former was for the General Aſsembly; up Stairs are the Senate Hall, that of the Council of Ten & of Three. A great many others there are, all splendidly decorated with pictures & the ceilings finely painted & gilt. Many of these Paintings were carried to Paris & some have not returned.

After our favourite refreshment, an ice, we went to a few shops & to see the making of gold chains, which are peculiarly beautiful from the fineneſs of their texture. We then returned to Dinner, having finished which, we set out to go to the Botanical Garden. We were very much diverted with the Gardener, a curious old German. The grounds were neatly laid out, tho' it has been entirely formed within the last twenty years. We then paid our usual visit to San Marco, after which

we took a row on the water, accompanied by a band of music. It was a bright moonlight — as still as pofsible, scarce a breeze played around us; & here we were in Venice, with all the accompaniments of music, the soft moon & those I loved. Behold one of the dreams of my childhood realized!

XLIII

Venice, May 25th, 1834.

I FORGOT to mention our visit to the Library of San Marco, commenced by Petrarca & now forming part of the Governor's Palace. The books are no longer there, but it contains many fine pictures, of which they are increasing the number. The part of the building reserved for the Emperor is pleasant & well fitted up & contains a small but neat Chapel adorned with a few small but first rate paintings. Thence we proceeded to the Doge's Palazzo to see the Bridge of Sighs. What a host of afsociations and dreams does the very name conjure up to the Traveller! It leads from the Palace to the prisons & consists of two pafsages totally distinct, & of which *one* was unknown, except to persons concerned. Prisoners convicted of common crimes were led over one to

be judged & were thence reconducted to the prison & after that publicly beheaded on the Square, having a paper attached showing their offence; but the other paſsage served for Criminals of State, & after being judged & found guilty by the Council of Ten, they were led to secret Cells under the Palace, also unknown, & of which there were 24 in number.

These we went thro'; & after expecting as much as you naturally could of the horrible at a place like this, it would not have been strange had our anticipations been damped; but this was impoſsible, for I would challenge the imagination of a Radcliffe to picture a fitter spot for crime & cruelty. The Cells were but just large enough to hold a bed, with a shelf for bread & water, a door thro' which a human figure could but paſs, & a hole, not to admit light—for the paſsage upon which it opened was dark as night—but just enough of air for existence. The interior of the Cells were lined with wood, but at the time of the French Conquest, the Venetians were allowed permiſsion to burn as much as fire would consume & also to open windows to admit light & air, & the Emperor on his last visit to Venice ordered the Doors of the Bridge to be stopped up. When the people broke into the prisons they found a person who had been confined 15 y^{rs}; for a just cause, however, as he had murdered his brother. On the admiſsion of light he became stone blind. The Cells were in three Stories, 8 in each; the last were used by the Inquisition & were half under water. These the French also built up. One or two

of the other Cells remained in the same state as when they were occupied, with the exception of a little straw or mattrefs, perhaps. In one of these was a good deal of writing by one of its unhappy occupants. This had become perfectly black, but Lord Byron had taken the trouble to trace it all over. In another was the name & a sketch of a Church by a Monk with several inscriptions. The prisoners were allowed a light for one hour while taking their allowance of bread & water. There was one Cell devoted to confefsion before execution, when the father was always masked. Not far from this was the Door leading on to the Canal, thro' which the Convict was carried, with a heavy stone attached to his neck & feet, to the Canal of [*blank*] the deepest in Venice, & where it was forbidden to fish. In the same pafsage was the stone on which some were guillotined, with holes to allow the blood to run off. Another Cell was fitted with apparatus for strangling, & so it was throughout; all the conveniences & facilities for execution of different kinds according to the pleasure of the Judge. A more melancholy spot, or one better suited to the perpetration of secret crimes & the gratification of private malice I cannot imagine, & our return to daylight & fresh air was a reprieve. All the sad realities of what seemed before but some hideous creation of a sickly fancy were there before you.

We made a short visit to St Mark's, & it really seemed like a mockery to take but ten steps from these resorts of

crime to the Chapel. We then went to the Church of the Redentore, also a fine edifice. They are all much in the same style, of considerable architectural beauty, containing fine pictures, valuable marbles & the usual treasures of Italian Churches, in greater or lefs abundance. Palladio was the great Venetian Architect to whom the City is indebted for her principal ornaments.

After dinner we rowed to the Monastery of San Lazaro, at some little distance, pafsing the Canal, of which I spoke, in order to pay our respects to Father Pasquale, an Armenian Monk & a celebrated linguist. He rec^{d} us with the greatest politenefs, carrying us over the establishment & showing us the Library &^{c}. Among the Books & Mss was an Armenian Bible, finely illuminated. As a memento of our visit we purchased a Prayer printed in 24 languages, at the Monastery—at which there is quite an active prefs under his superintendence. He spoke English slowly, but remarkably well, & we looked sharp for the projection of the eye—Dr Spurzheim's favourite theory, in the case of linguists—but I could not detect it, tho' he has a fine face. As another claim to interest he was Lord Byron's Instructor in Arabic for some time, & had plenty of anecdotes on this subject. The house in which the Poet resided has been pointed out to us. The Lido, a neck of land protecting the harbour, was his promenade where he kept his horses, & the place where he pursued his favourite exercise, swimming, has not been forgotten nor his

feats & his priding himself on surpafsing the Turks. The name of Byron seems interwoven with that of Venice; not only in song, but in the feelings & memory of her inhabitants, who seem to pride themselves on their City having been for so long the chosen abode of the outcast from his own Country & friends. They delight to dwell on his habits & pursuits & to tell of the good deeds he performed, & doubly proud is he who has worked in his service, were it only in rowing his Gondola or attending him on the Lido. Every one bears test[imony] to his popularity during the time he was among them.

Among others we met our townsman, Bowditch, who, on our return, gave us the sad intelligence of poor Jackson's premature death, which fell upon our hearts with a shock I cannot describe—so unlooked for & so melancholy!

Today we have been again to the Accademia di Belle Arti and here we admired the pictures more than ever, their effect being much increased by an uncommonly strong, fine light—I invariably find a second visit confirming more strongly the excellence of a good picture. We then went to the Church of St John & St Paul, containing a fine Titian representing the Martyrdom of S. Domenico. We went also to the Church of San Giorgio, also an imposing building. In the eveg we ascended the Campanile, from which a fine view of the whole City presents itself & rewarded us fully for the laborious ascent; thence we went to Napoleon's Garden, as

it is called, a delightful promenade for which the City is indebted to the French; concluding the peregrinations of the day with an ice at San Marco, which offered a peculiarly gay "spectacle" from the number & variety of persons—who formed as motley a scene as we have ever beheld. For beauty the Venetians cannot dispute the palm with the Tuscans; we think them very plain, notwithstanding we have tried hard to find them handsome.

XLIV

Verona, May 28th, 1834.

BEFORE leaving Venice on Monday we repeated our visit to the Manfrini Palace & then went to see a fine picture by Paul Veronese, at the Palazzo Pisani. It is considered his *chef d'œuvre* & represents Darius & his Queen at the feet of Alexander, & is a very large picture, finely executed, but is not among my very prime favourites.

The weather was extremely stormy & rainy & on our return to the Hotel we hesitated about leaving Venice, as we had intended, but on consulting the Innkeeper were told there was no reason why we should remain. Accordingly we determined

to go, as we wished to leave our uncomfortable quarters at the Leone Bianco. Accordingly we left about 4 o'clock in a post boat with four Gondolieri, thinking it more safe than the little Gondola we had used in the City. Nothing, after having seen all we wished, tempted us to remain where we had suffered so many disagreeables. Besides dirt & animated nature of all varieties, the odours of every description were almost suffocating, particularly during the first week of almost oppreſsive heat. Had we enjoyed greater indoor comfort we should have stayed longer — but even picturesque effect, architectural beauties, with the aſsociations of poetry & history will not compensate for entire destitution of personal convenience longer than is necefsary for the gratification of curiosity; a fact long travelling has now decided in my mind.

The Rialto holds the strong interest its first view creates, & there is still considerable appearance of bustle & stir in its crowded thoroughfares, and on the narrow canals. The Grand Canal seems a thing apart and is the spot a stranger loves to gaze upon in its graceful windings & broad, clear surface. Here are the gorgeous palaces & noble Churches & here can one dream away the long moonlight evenings of summer & carve out tales of romance for the occupants of the flitting Gondolas or the open balcony. As I lay half asleep in my bed ever & anon the splash of the water or the distant cry of the Gondolieri would break on the ear with an unwonted sound, & "So we are in Venice!" would be the frequent interjection.

Many of the Palaces are empty from the fact that the Noblemen own Country Houses in which they prefer residing, & the French, in declaring Trieste a free port, gave the finishing stroke to the commerce & prosperity of Venice. The Austrians seem to practise a liberal policy towards her. All the revenues they raise are spent in repairing the City, & large sums are annually destined to keep St Mark's & other public buildings in repair, as well as in purchasing & preserving the pictures &^{c}. They are also making it a free port, according to their notions.

The Canals within the City are too much protected to feel the influence of the weather, at least they were scarcely ruffled in the present case, tho' perhaps when the wind blows directly down the Grand Canal it may have greater influence. In the present instance we had no idea of the Scene that awaited us on emerging from the City into the open Sea — the wind was excefsively high & the waves short but agitated, as is usual in these sudden, southern Gales. We were irresistibly driven from our track & to guide the bark was impofsible. Finding the vanity of buffeting against the winds & waves we desired the men to turn & land us—imagine our feelings when they declared it out of the question without upsetting our frail boat. The wind came on in fitful squalls & the water washed over us, wave after wave. The boatmen declared it impofsible to govern their charge & made no secret of their fears, calling upon all Saints for aid & every minute

did we fear they would throw down their oars & cast themselves on their knees.

An Island, at a short distance, near which we were tofsed, seemed our only hope; & earnestly did M[r] Amory stimulate their exertions & offer them money if they would but use all their efforts. I quietly resigned myself to our fate, laying down on the floor of the little Gondola & shading my eyes from the threatening sea. In that dreadful hour there was no feeling of confusion; more thoughts & feelings—remembrances & long cherished hopes—rushed thro' my brain, with a vividnefs & clearnefs of reality, than in ordinary times would have seemed pofsible. Oh! the feeling when we found ourselves fairly moored within the friendly shelter of the same little, green Island, & the two guards unbarred the entrance & we sprang to land. There was an ecstacy in the firm, hard soil which met our foot, no words can render!

There was a powder magazine, to which were attached a couple of old women & their husbands. One pair were Germans & gladly did they exert themselves to make us comfortable. They made us a cup of coffee and brought some biscuits, & willingly we looked forward to the pofsibility of staying there all night, nay a week—should the storm continue.

Meanwhile the storm increased & our refuge was sought by two other boats. A third we had watched with some anxiety, tofsing on the waves, attempted the same course but found

it impofsible to get in. They begged afsistance: one boatman seemed willing to give his aid but could get no one to join him & the boat was carried onwards by the still increasing storm. We watched it for a long time, as it struggled against the wind & waves. The top they threw off & soon after this we lost them from sight. Their fate was never known to us. About 6 the wind changed & abated & we concluded to continue our journey; on my part with considerable unwillingnefs. We took a kind leave of our friends & embarked, tho' after the scene we had witnefsed it was with a fainting heart I entered the still wet boat. We soon, however, reached the Custom House, where the Canal recommences; for a short distance from Venice, you are unprotected from the sea, but at the former, of course, the Canal again shuts you in from danger; & here we picked up several poor people who had been upset in their boat & saved by the Government Barge.

I must in justice confefs Copley wished us not to go during the storm, & had we realized its violence in the City we should most certainly have followed his advice. We reached Mestre about 8 o'clock, & after getting ready, proceeded to Padua, 3 posts beyond, to sleep. It was long past midnight when we alighted & with the excitement & fatigue of the day I went to bed quite ill—a violent sick headache such as I have seldom experienced. The next day, however, tho' somewhat languid, we managed to perform our peregrinations in the town. In one of the Palaces is a most singular piece of Statuary, represent-

ing the Fall of the Angels chased by the Archangel. It consists of 60 figures, all carved from one block, & is about a foot & a half high. From the difficulty of executing it it is a great curiosity & was made about a Century since. We were told that Canova was never in Padua without admiring & studying it, & declared it must either have been the work of an Angel or of a Devil.

We then went to the Church of St Antonio, which is not particularly interesting; it contains, however, the Tomb of Cardinal Bembo & other noted bodies, is rich in decorations & one Chapel is quite covered with carving. We then went to see some frescoes said to be executed by Titian & other eminent Masters. They were so defaced as to retain little beauty. The former Monastery now serves as a "Scuola."

We left Padua at noon, & reached Vicenza at an early hour. The Country is perfectly level, the road excellent, & luxuriance & cultivation meet your eye on every side. Vicenza itself is a neat, pretty town, adorned with some fine buildings by Palladio. We left it this morning & reached Verona at 3 o'clock, paſsing thro', if poſsible, a still more rich & variegated scenery than yesterday. The road is closely planted with Mulberry Trees for the use of the silk worm, of which they raise great quantities, as well as Indian Corn, & the Vines are trained in the most picturesque manner from tree to tree. Indeed it seems as if nothing could exhaust the fertility of this favoured soil. The Posting here is excellent—we came rap-

idly & well & the Postillions were civil & obliging. Their uniform of yellow & black, adorned with tafsels & a horn hung acrofs the shoulders, is quite fantastic. Under their hat they wear a Silk Cap, & seem to take particular pride in the cultivation of a long curl on each side, by the ear.

After dinner, accompanied by a Valet, we set out to see "the sights"—of which the principal is a Roman Amphitheatre in perfect preservation, excepting the outer wall. It is supposed to have been built in the reign of Trajan & is large enough to contain upwards of 23,000 spectators seated, is of an oval form & composed of large blocks of marble without cement; 45 rows of Seats encircle the Arena & it has two principal entrances. The dormitories are numerous & the part destined for the wild beasts still discernible. It is a magnificent monument of antiquity. Thence we proceeded to the Tomb of Juliet—Shakespeare's Juliet—in the Garden of a Hospital, once a Franciscan Convent. The tomb itself has been placed under shelter, for, from the fondnefs for relics, it was fast disappearing. It is of Verona Marble, with a place for the head, as well as for a candle & holes for the admifsion of air. The old Garden Wall still exists & the supposed spot where Romeo scaled the walls was pointed out. Faith being my inseparable companion in all our excursions, I viewed all as a lover of the Mighty Bard should do. Remains of the House of Juliet are still to be seen also. As one Balcony is still perfect under the end window, I amused myself with imagining Juliet holding

converse with her lover. The house looks as if it might well have stood there several hundred yrs.

We then paſsed the Tombs of the Scaligeri family, who were Lords of Verona at the time of this tragic history. They adjoin a Chapel in a churchyard & are curious specimens of the taste of the Middle Ages & of the Gothic Style. We also visited a Church & a Cathedral; they were not, however, remarkable excepting for their antiquity. We returned home pleased but wearied. The Hotel du Grand Paris, where we are, is excellent. There is a romantic interest attaching to Verona, for the English traveller, quite different from other Cities. It is not the claſsic so much as the poetical aſsociations which it calls up. Its tale of love & melancholy aſsumes under yr eyes the semblance of truth & reality, for there is the balcony of the fair girl of scarce four [*blank*], then her tomb, & all her familiar haunts & the venerable Cathedral to which perchance she resorted for her Maſs & confeſsions; & could the traveller be so dead to fiction & romance as to conjure up doubts & difficulties in the face of all this? Verona is still an excellent spot for the location of all histories of love & chivalry—there is a congenial air in the place—so thought we at least.

ing & which is supported by her knee. The attitude is beautifully easy & graceful & the figure finely draped. The head is bound by a wreath of laurel of inlaid silver & the countenance is majestic & handsome. The wings were made originally to fasten on & are extremely thin & were once gilt. This interesting Statue has been but little injured, part only of the wing & the three joints of the fingers being broken. A fine mosaic pavement was also excavated & traces of a Forum discovered. These interesting objects are now deposited in a small Museum on the Site of the Temple. We also went thro' a narrow pafsage beneath, where by means of a light we could see the ancient pavement & the base of two small pillars.

We visited a Gallery of paintings and the Church of Sant' Afra which is also enriched by pictures, but as it was during service we could not see them. The Cathedral is a modern edifice in good taste & of considerable size; the Hotel de Ville is also a fine building & the town contains several wide streets & good arcades.

XLVI

Milan, June 2d, 1834.

WE reached this City on Friday after a pleasant but short day's journey thro'[country] nearly as level as I have before described & as luxuriant & rich. The distance from Venice is 23 posts besides the water paſsage & was to me a very delightful journey. What added more to our comfort than enthusiastic travellers are willing to allow was the excellence of the Inns; whereas on many of the other routes they are worse than could be imagined in a Country which, from the number of travellers, offers every inducement to the Innkeeper to keep a good house.

We are at the Gran' Bretagna, which we find comfortable. Most of the strangers have paſsed on a week since, to our great satisfaction; & however sociable in one's feelings, to travel with a crowd is not at all agreeable. We found the weather none too warm for riding, tho' several oppreſsive days made us tremble lest the Italian summer had set in with all its power. Mulberry trees seemed a great article of attention along the road. The peasantry were stripping them of their leaves & putting them into bags with great industry & in such quantities that they must raise vast numbers of silk worms. These trees, however, do not exclude the vines, corn,

different kinds of grain & fruit being extensively cultivated. We have seen Cherries for some time in their glory & are large & very fine.

Yesterday morng we went to the College of the Brera, where among some ancient & very ordinary pictures are many fine ones. In the afternoon we saw the Refectory of the suppreſsed Monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where is Leonardo da Vinci's incomparable fresco of the Last Supper; of which, however melancholy it may be, but little more than the outline now remains. But with the little that even now exists, the beauty of the design & the nobleneſs of the attitudes & expreſsion are visible. The face of Judas, in its dark, treacherous smile, seems to say for itself, "Lord, is it I?" Peter, a little in the background, with his finger raised, is protesting tho' all the world desert his Master yet will he not. Every thing poſsible has been done to remedy the dampneſs which has occasioned this wreck, but all to no purpose, & had they attempted to remove it they would only have hastened its ruin.

This morning we spent at the famous Cathedral, said to be the largest in Italy excepting St Peter's & perhaps the Duomo at Florence, & the finest specimen of Gothic. The exterior was still unfinished, when, according to Napoleon's orders they commenced working & accomplished a good deal, but it was not completed before his downfall. However, they still go on with it under the Austrian sway. It is entirely built

of marble. The exterior is rich & imposing & the interior famous for the size of the Columns, 160 in number, & the beauty of the Capitals, as well as for that of the Ceiling over the broad Aisle, which is of the most approved style of Gothic carving. After all, there is no sort of architecture more to my taste than this, so massive & heavy & yet so light & airy in its ornaments; the carving reminds me in fineness more of the cobweb tissue of a rich, old lace or the fantastic fretwork of the brilliant frost of a clear, cold winter's day than of the hard, dry stone of which it is formed; so light & tapering do its embroidered pinnacles & towers shoot up in bold relief against the azure ground of an Italian sky. We ascended the 468 steps leading to the summit & enjoyed a fine view of the surrounding Country. Milan is situated in the midst of a most extensive & highly cultivated plain, so level as not to offer the variety of a single ascent, reaching on one side to the Adriatic & on the other to the Alps, while the far stretching Apennines bound it on the other two. But from the top of the Cathedral you can best examine the work of which it is itself composed. Its thousand spires, each surmounted by a Colossal figure, some of which are said to resemble Napoleon, the variety of bas-reliefs, of sculpture of every description, can only be seen to advantage from this lofty height. We then took a long walk along the Corso to the Giardino Celestino & from thence to the ramparts, a delightful drive bordered on each side by fine large trees & extending round the City. Be-

ing Sunday it was crowded with people of every description in their holiday attire, some on foot & others riding. Returning we stopt at a *Caffè*, of which there are many, & refreshed ourselves with an ice.

The Milanese appear a very gay, bustling people. The City swarms with Austrian Troops, & walking in the eve^{g}, one is jostled by Centinels at every corner. It is said they are thought neceſsary to keep the people in order, as they have *la tête chaude*. According to our wise man's observation, this is, too, the headquarters of the Parmesan Cheese, which is made in great quantities all throughout the neighbourhood.

Today we went to the Ambrosian Library which contains many valuable & interesting objects. Among the MSS. was a Virgil superbly executed on parchment with marginal notes by Petrarca & a copy of Josephus of the 5th Century. This Library formerly contained Leonardo's Treatises on Painting & other subjects, enriched by his drawings, but this is but one of the many valuable things which never returned from Paris.

Above stairs a room newly fitted up contains some pictures & specimens of the Arts bequeathed to the Institution. In the Gallery are Raphael's original drawings of the School of Athens &^{c}, also some of Michael Angelo's designs of parts of the Last Judgement, besides some fine works, particularly some by Luini, the friend & imitator of Leonardo—& such succeſs did he attain in copying his great original that it is in many cases almost impoſsible to decide between the two. He

acquired the manner as well as the exquisite execution of his Master; he is said to have painted a great deal for the various Churches which lay on our route. The Church of San Alessandro is a fine specimen of Architecture.

In the afternoon we took a very pleasant walk to the Amphitheatre, built by Napoleon. Pafsing thro' the Forum, so called, but which is only a green plot planted with trees, is the Piazza d'Armi, terminated at one extremity by the Arco della Pace & at the other by a large Caserna. It is opposite the Amphitheatre, of which the Arena is very large & of an oval form, calculated to contain 36,000 spectators. On one side is a kind of pavillion, supported by pillars of a stone resembling granite found in the neighbourhood, & probably intended for the use of the Emperor; the steps are of grafs, & at the top is a fine double row of Chestnut Trees. Within these is a small Canal so that at any moment the whole may be laid under water, as the original intention was to represent Naumachia. The whole is a beautiful thing, tho' far different from the solidity of the Ancients; the effect of these grafsy steps around is very pretty.

Returning we found Copley & Bowditch, who had just arrived. The latter I regret to say has just received news of his Mother's death. How thankful should I be when I hear good accounts of mine!

XLVII

Milan, June 6th, 1834.
12 o'clock.

AS we leave this tomorrow morng & shall not reach Geneva for a fortnight I am desirous of writing you a few lines first, tho' I do not feel quite in the humour of sending a very bright epistle. I have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that any news from us is always acceptable. I feel so impatient to reach Geneva, as I cannot be disappointed in receiving letters from home there. So long a time has elapsed I almost dread hearing bad accounts; but I am, or endeavour to be, a staunch believer in the old proverb, "No news, good news." I saw Mrs Gray yesterday. She was detained a long time in Rome just as they were on the point of leaving, very much to her disappointment as you may imagine. Her indisposition was something of her old complaints, & I much fear she cannot brave our dreadful winters with impunity. I could not help telling her I almost envied her getting home. They go direct & probably sail from London—our meeting with her here was very unexpected. Her children are remarkably pretty & interesting. I wrote to Rose *Smith*, I was going to say, some days since. On reading it over I was quite amused to find it was a second edition of a letter I sent you some little time since. I delayed sending it, meaning to write another, but have post-

poned it 'till it is too late, & as I have been in her debt so long I thought I would send it—a warning to my friends never to show a letter from me. We have enjoyed our visit here very much.

Copley reached Milan last Monday in company with Bowditch, who received news of the death of his Mother the next day. The poor man felt it very much and I afsure you it was melancholy enough for us all. These events seem to follow us in close succefsion. Bowditch is going to accompany Copley to Geneva, which I think is a good arrangement for all parties. We reach Como tomorrow night—the next day go up the Lake & return—thence we proceed to the Lago Maggiore & continue the route by the Simplon. We also propose to ascend the Great St Bernard & to visit the Valley of Chamouni before we reach Geneva, where we shall probably spend several days—for after a journey of sixty posts one needs a little rest. Copley in addition to our tour, crofses the Splügen, so that he will not overtake us for several days—tho' he starts at the same time.

Since we have been here we have visited the Gallery, which contains many fine pictures—& the Ambrosian Library which pofsefses some valuable things. We saw a copy of Virgil, on parchment, written by Petrarca—a Josephus on papyrus executed in the 5th Century & curious from being written on both sides of the leaf. In the Gallery was the original drawing by Raphael of the famous fresco of the School of Athens

& also of part of the Battle of Constantine, also Michael Angelo's designs of part of the Last Judgement—the latter very small, however; some fine pictures of Luini's—he was the friend & rival of Leonardo da Vinci & copied his style so succesfully that he not only attained his manner but his fine execution & now none but amateurs can, I believe, distinguish between the two. It is quite singular how in Italy one gradually becomes familiar with the names & works of different artists. You ask who a certain picture is painted by—they tell you "So & so" & you think perhaps he was nobody. After visiting a few more galleries you find out your mistake, & so time without end. Fine painters seem, in Italy, to have been as plenty as masons with us. I find, too, it requires but little practice to distinguish *generally* the works of particular Artists.

The Cathedral at Milan is the finest Gothic building in Italy, and excepting St Peter's and the Duomo at Florence, the largest. It is not yet completed. Napoleon did a great deal towards it & the Austrians are now going on with the work. The exterior is very fine, & that part of the ceiling which is completed is of the most beautiful carving you can imagine. We ascended to the summit, where you see to the greatest perfection the innumerable spires each surmounted by a Colosal statue, among which there are said to be many likenesses of Napoleon. The Amphitheatre made by him is a beautiful thing, calculated to contain 36,000 spectators, & tho' it cannot boast the solidity of the Ancient ones, I do not

believe it need yield in other respects. The steps instead of stone are of grafs—& round the top is a double row of fine trees. It is now, alas! used for a powder Magazine—tho' intended originally for the representation of Naumachia—that is to say water fights—& at any moment may be put 6 f^{t} under water.

We have been riding this eve^{g} to see the Arco della Pace, also designed by Napoleon & called by him the Triumphal Arch. It is a termination to the route of the Simplon & he contemplated cutting a street directly thro' to the Cathedral—a magnificent design indeed. It is astonishing what that man did for—but stop! I am in the Austrian dominions—where letters are examined!

My dear Husband sends you his very best love as well as to the rest of the family in which I join most sincerely. I think of you all day long & worry myself sometimes with the fear you are not well. Do take a great deal of exercise. I dreamt the other night a long story about your going, or not going, to Niagara; I have counted on it—I shall be so disappointed if you do not, as I am sure it will do you good. Do write me *every thing*. I find you are not quite so particular as *at first*—this I cannot consent to.

XLVIII

Milan, June 6th, 1834.

IN comparison with other cities of the same size Milan has few objects of interest, tho' were it in any other Country than Italy we should think the "sights" very numerous. Accordingly the few last days I have amused myself principally indoors. Our walks, for variety, have afforded us much pleasure; repeating our visits to the Amphitheatre & to the Corso. Wednesday we saw a singular remnant of antiquity, consisting of 16 large fluted columns of marble with capitals of the Corinthian order & an entablature with the name of the Emperor Verus. It is directly in front of the Church of San Lorenzo, which is in no respect remarkable, tho' said to contain pillars which once adorned an ancient Temple.

The next day we visited the Arco della Pace, once called the Triumphal Arch, intended by Napoleon as the termination of the Simplon on one side & on the other to be continued to the Cathedral. The plan is handsome & the pillars fine, but the execution of the bas-reliefs is not as perfect as Napoleon would probably have required. I am not sure it will not look somewhat loaded, & tho' fine for general effect, it can by no means compare with the Antique of which it probably is an imitation.

Tho' the Austrians have the good sense to follow Napo-

leon's plans sometimes, it is quite amusing to see the pains they take to disguise them; for instance the different names they give the bas-reliefs, intended to commemorate the triumphs of the French, & so in many other instances.

We have also paid a visit to M^r & Mrs Gray who had arrived unexpectedly—she looked miserably & as if her reaching home was a doubtful case.

XLIX

Como, June 7th, 1834.

WE left Milan the afternoon I last wrote. The weather was not lefs pleasant for being cloudy, particularly as the dusty roads made the probability of rain very agreeable. We went to Como thro' Monza. It contains a Royal Villa but is particularly interesting from its Cathedral, in which is deposited the famous Iron Crown of the Lombard Kings, beginning with Charlemagne & ending with Napoleon. I could not but wonder why so unimportant a place should have been chosen for so august a ceremony, but on second thoughts, I believe it was only deposited here. The Cathedral is venerable & imposing & there is the tomb of some queen who died in the y^r 622 & other curiosities of a similar sort.

We were shown the Treasury, which is very rich; the French transported it to Paris, but all but 9 pieces were restored to the rightful owners. There is a great deal of maſsive silver & gold croſses studded with precious stones, and that belonging to the crown was worn at coronations, excepting by Napoleon, & is rich in gems of every description & very heavy. We were shown several things poſseſsed by the old queen of 622: a croſs, a drinking Goblet & a precious fan made of skin, enclosed in a wooden box incrusted with silver. On taking it in my hands I could not but think Queens of the present degenerate times might shrink from bearing about with them such a weight. The first paper invented, composed of some glutinous substance, was very curious; but the most beautiful [object] was a cup formed of a single sapphire & large enough to hold as much as a small tumbler; the stand was of solid gold, finely wrought. We had been told that before showing the Iron Crown they went thro' the ceremony of performing Maſs. Accordingly we were very much relieved at finding we were only detained while the priest lighted the candles & changed his dreſs. It is kept within two or three iron cases & is the centre of an enormous croſs. In shape it is formed of gold, studded with precious stones, having a narrow band of iron said to be made of the nails of the Holy Croſs. The large croſs of silver gilt contained fragments of the Holy Croſs as it is *said* & there is also in a bottle a piece of sponge believed to have been used by

our Saviour at the Crucifixion which is displayed once a year on some solemn church ceremony.

The visit to Monza was very interesting & the aſsociations allied to the Iron Crown will not be leſs vivid from having been seen. Napoleon has conferred an interest upon it superior to what it receives from even Charlemagne or any of its other wearers, & long will it be before the memorable words used by the Emperor, as he placed it on his brows, are forgotten, "Dieu me l'a donnée, gare à qui la touche."

We did not arrive 'till near midnight. The road was perfectly level and as long as we could see, luxuriant & rich. I always regret losing a moment's enjoyment of the scenery in this most favoured land.

L'Albergo dell' Angelo promised comfort, but it was too full to afford us good apartments. The next day we breakfasted early & were on the steamboat Lario to ascend the Lake at 8 o'clock. It was neat & well conducted. At a short distance up is the Villa d'Este, formerly occupied by the Queen of England. Externally it is large & handsome.

After proceeding about half way up the Lake we stopped at the Villa Sommariva, the most beautiful on its shores. Its grounds extend down to the water & are enriched with the most luxuriant shrubs & plants. A greater combination of sweets I never enjoyed; the Multiflora formed a beautiful vine over the fences, with its clusters of roses; orange, lemon & other trees affording delightful avenues & shady retreats. The

Interior is adorned with Thorwaldsen's great work, the Triumphs of Alexander, in bas-relief of Carrara Marble, extending quite round a large Hall; & a small Group of Cupid and Psyche by Canova in his happiest manner; grace, infantine grace, as it were, breathing in every line. As far as I can judge this was the *forte* of this great master—female beauty & childish innocence rather than the bolder & sterner walks of the art. Among the pictures was a so-called Leonardo, a great defect of which was the somewhat *too* rosy hands, probably the work of some ignorant quack; otherwise it was a fine thing, whether a Leonardo or a Luini. This expedition was peculiarly agreeable to our servant, who had served the family as Courier, and the meeting with his friends in the establishment seemed very warm.

For our comfort the weather was cloudy during the sail, and now commenced raining which was not so agreeable. It did not, however, prevent our crofsing to Bellaggio, nearly opposite, where we visited another Villa; there was nothing very remarkable to admire. Then we took a short walk around a point of land to see where the Lecco unites with the Lake of Como. Then returning & crofsing the river, awaited the arrival of the steamboat, refreshing ourselves in the meanwhile with a cup of coffee. We returned to our Hotel about 5 o'clock.

The Lake is perhaps 40 miles long and 2 wide. The shores are extremely bold, rising in many parts almost perpendic-

ularly from the water's edge and covered to the very summit with the richest vegetation & generally under high cultivation. At the same time they are well wooded & many a gorge & channel prove that the M^t^ torrent must sometimes rush down with considerable violence. The shores are studded with neat hamlets & beautiful villas, & were it not that every step is marked by the work of man I should say it resembled our Lake George, tho' wanting the numerous Islands which give so picturesque a character to the latter & the limpid clearnefs of its waters. The Italian Lake is, notwithstanding, the most beautiful—its bolder shores & richer vegetation & the union of Art with Nature amply compensating for any other advantages of the Western rival. The town of Como is at the foot of the Lake & is quite populous. The harbour beneath my window is crowded with boats of every description, tho' all different from any I ever before saw. They are extremely broad in the centre, having hoops to support the awning & sails. Women row here very generally, & apparently as well & certainly as gracefully as the men. This is the first time I have seen them officiate as sailors. The Lake furnishes Salmon Trout in abundance, but not of so fine a flavour as ours. Most of the Italian fish we have found poor, which I suppose is usually the case in warm climates.

Como & the various towns in the vicinity are a favourite resort of English Travellers, & the "Travellers Book," in which it is customary to inscribe one's name like a muster roll, was

filled with rhapsodies on the beautiful vicinity & excellent Inn; it is, in my opinion, better to enroll one's wisdom in some more private depository than to inflict it on the public.

L

Baveno, June 9th, 1834.

WE left Como yesterday morng rather later than we intended in consequence of the rain, which fell in torrents. About ten it seemed to hold up a little & we set off, but in about two hrs it commenced pouring most violently; however, we managed to keep dry.

At Sesto Calende we crossed the Ticino, the outlet of the Lago Maggiore, in a Pont Volant, the boundary between the Lombard & Piedmont Territory, & proceeded to Arona, where, after much hesitation, we determined to sleep, having travelled about 6 posts thro' the most splendid Country I think I ever saw. Around the Lake it is much diversified & we could easily realize we were approaching the Alpine region. Near Como the Mt tops are often crowned with castles, memento of the Middle Ages, undoubtedly, when their situation must have rendered them impregnable, & the view they command

magnificent. The beauty of the ride arose principally from the splendid Valleys mingled with M^ts^ in the highest cultivation & displaying a luxuriance no other Land perhaps, could boast, while the higher ground exhibits some of the vigour of a more northern climate. Our conversation the whole day was one long chain of exclamations of "How grand! how lovely!" &^c^.

After choosing rooms at Arona and procuring a guide we proceeded to visit the Statue of San Carlo Borromeo, placed on a high hill about ¾ of a mile from the Village & commanding the Lake & M^ts^. It represents him in the act of giving his blefsing to the fishermen. It is colofsal, measuring 112 f^t^, including the pedestal. It is of bronze, executed by Zonelli; & by means of a ladder travellers may ascend to the head, which can contain 3 persons, & take a view from the nose! There is quite a large window in the back of the Giant. An avenue of trees leads to the statue, which is remarkable for the ease, & even grace, of the attitude & the expression of the countenance. It wears the attire of a priest, holding in one hand the breviary while the other arm is slightly extended. This Statue was executed about 2 centuries ago. The Church erected by San Carlo, with his house adjoining, a seminary & several Chapels, all are on the same acclivity, while acrofs the Lake is a villa belonging to the family which still exists. It seems he was an excellent old gentleman & was canonized in consequence.

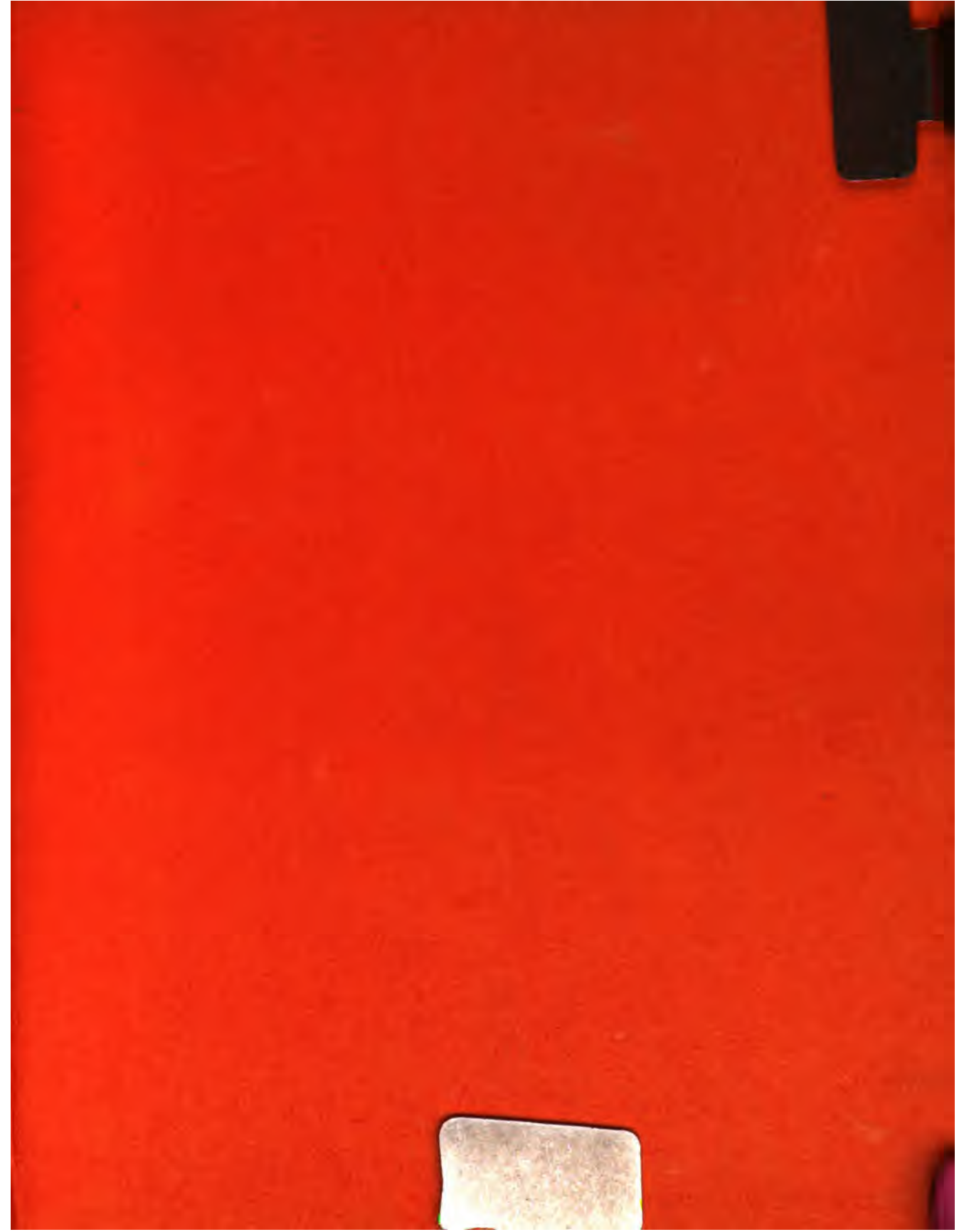
This morn^{g} we left Arona with as threatening a sky as posſible & followed the borders of the Lake to this place. The road is a continuation of the Simplon & as perfect as road can be; the solidity seeming to bid defiance to time & to the violence of nature. It is defended on each side by parapets of granite, & over all the torrents, which take their rise in the M^{ts}, are bridges of the same strong material. Its hardneſs, too, is remarkable; for notwithstanding the pelting rains which have fallen the few last days, they seem to have made no impreſsion & on walking out this eve^{g} with common shoes they were not even damped; so hard & impervious is the gravel.

The scenery of the Lago Maggiore I even prefer to that of Como. The shores do not rise so perpendicularly from the water's edge, but there is more variety in the outline, while the windings of the Lake & the bold projections of the land give a more picturesque character to the landscape. The same rich nature abounds & her gifts of the mulberry, vine, corn, fruit &^{c} are showered on every side. Like Como her shores are spotted with villages & country seats. The strictest watch is kept by Custom House Officers along the shores for smugglers, the opposite shore belonging to another State.

We reached Baveno about noon & were fortunate in not finding the Croix de Malta full. We engaged a boat to carry us to the Borromean Islands. They are three in number. Isola Pescatori, as the name implies, is inhabited entirely by fishermen. Isola Madre, where we first landed, is about 3 miles

from Baveno. It contains an unfinished Palace, belonging to the Borromean family, & the rest, about a mile in circumference, is laid out in the most lovely gardens, containing great varieties of exotic plants from all parts of the world. Four terraces covered with orange & lemon trees rise immediately from the water's edge, while the walks are so skillfully arranged & openings between the trees so well chosen that the very best peeps present themselves of a Lake always beautiful. Here also are a great many rare & splendid birds, the golden pheasant, the white peacock & numbers of nightingales, whose melodies abound in Italy. After spending more than an hour in this lovely spot, the most beautiful Island of the two in my mind, we embarked for Isola Bella, about half a league distant. Here, besides a very large Palace belonging to & occasionally occupied by the same family, there are about 24 huts of fishermen & an Hotel, the latter of which detracts much from the romantic seclusion of the spot. The gardens are pretty, being raised on 8 Terraces above the water. This Island was formerly but a barren rock & the soil has been entirely made. The grounds are more artificial & boast lefs fine trees than those of Isola Madre, beautiful as they certainly are. The Palace itself is so large & ill furnished it looked dreary enough, tho' it contains some good pictures, a magnificent mosaic table (a gift from Leo VII), a bust of San Carlo, & a piece of carving in wood, wonderfully executed, the work of a Monk 200 yrs ago. It represents the Ship-

wreck, when the Disciples awoke our Saviour, crying out, "Lord, save us: we perish." There is a suite of subterranean apartments opening directly on the water and resembling a grotto. They are composed of pebbles of different colours, placed on stucco, & are ornamented with Statues &c. In summer they are a cool, delightful retreat, & so well imitated is the "marine style" one is almost tempted to dread the entrance of the sea monster & his Satellites from their *Coral Caves*.

Isola Madre is a fairy spot, a miniature Eden where a lady might rest in her bower, tuning her lute & watching her feathery subjects the live-long day, & her tiny barge with its sails of silk & cushions of down would gently bear her, in the soft blushing twilight hour, to scenes of beauty & serenity on the smooth blue Lake or its smiling shores beyond.

End of the First Volume